

THE LIVING AGE.

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MUSIC OF LABOR.

THE banging of the hammer,
 The whirling of the plane,
 The crashing of the busy saw,
 The creaking of the crane,
 The ringing of the anvil,
 The grating of the drill,
 The clattering of the turning lathe,
 The whirling of the mill,
 The buzzing of the spindle,
 The rattling of the loom,
 The puffing of the engine,
 The fan's continual boom,
 The clipping of the tailor's shears,
 The driving of the awl—
 These sounds of honest Industry,
 I love—I love them all.

The clicking of the magic type,
 The earnest talk of men,
 The toiling of the giant press,
 The scratching of the pen,
 The tapping of the yard-stick,
 The tinkling of the scales,
 The whistling of the needle,
 (When no bright cheek it pales,)
 The humming of the cooking-stove,
 The surging of the broom,
 The pattering feet of childhood,
 The housewife's busy hum,
 The buzzing of the scholars,
 The teacher's kindly call—
 The sounds of active Industry,
 I love—I love them all.

I love the plowman's whistle,
 The reaper's cheerful song,
 The drover's oft-repeated shout,
 Spurring his stock along,
 The bustle of the market man,
 As he hies him to the town;
 The halloo from the tree-top
 As the ripened fruit comes down;
 The busy sound of threshers
 As they clean the ripened grain;
 The husker's joke and catch of glee
 'Neath the moonlight on the plain,
 The kind voice of the drayman,
 The Shepherd's gentle call—
 These sounds of pleasant Industry,
 I love—I love them all.

Oh, there's a *good* in labor,
 If we labor but aright,
 That gives vigor to the daytime,
 A sweeter sleep at night;
 A good that bringeth pleasure,
 Even to the toiling hours;
 For duty cheers the spirit,
 As dew revives the flowers.
 Then say not that Jehovah
 Gave labor as a *doom*,
 No! 'tis the richest mercy
 From the cradle to the tomb.
 Then let us still be doing

Whate'er we find to do,
 With cheerful, hopeful spirit,
 And free hand, strong and true.

THE UNKNOWN GRAVE.

BY ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

No name to bid us know
 Who rests below,
 No word of death or birth,
 Only the grasses wave
 Over a mound of earth,
 Over a nameless grave.

Did this poor wandering heart
 In pain depart?
 Longing, but all too late,
 For the calm home again,
 Where patient watchers wait,
 And still will wait in vain.

Did mourners come in scorn,
 And thus forlorn,
 Leave him, with grief and shame,
 To silence and decay.
 And hide the tarnished name
 Of the unconscious clay?

It may be from his side
 His loved ones died,
 And last of some bright band
 (Together now once more),
 He sought his home, the land
 Where they were gone before.

No matter, limes have made
 As cool a shade,
 And lingering breezes pass
 As tenderly and slow,
 As if beneath the grass
 A monarch slept below.

No grief, though loud and deep,
 Could stir that sleep;
 And earth and heaven tell
 Of rest that shall not cease
 Where the cold world's farewell
 Fades into endless peace.

A STILL NOONTIDE.

BEYOND the cedar forests lay the cliffs
 That overhung the beach, but midway swept
 Fair swelling lands, some green with brightest
 grass,
 Some golden in the sun. Mute was the scene
 And moveless. Not a breeze came o'er the edge
 Of the high-heaving fields and fallow lands;
 Only the zephyrs at long intervals
 Drew a deep sigh, as of some blissful thought,
 Then swooned to silence. Not a bird was seen,
 Nor heard: all marbly gleamed the steadfast sky.
 Hither Orion slowly walked alone,
 And passing round between two swelling slopes
 Of green and golden light, beheld afar
 The broad grey horizontal wall o' the dead-calm
 sea.

[R. H. Horne.]

From The Dublin University Magazine.
RICHARD SAVAGE.

A SMALL square at the West-end of great London, part in shadow, part in light, for the moonshine is striking fully on one half of its tall, heavy houses, and its bushes, trees, and colorless grass in the centre; while the remainder of the quadrangle is in deepest shade, the edifices standing, as human beings often do, in the gloom of their own shadows. There is coldness and silence in the air, till suddenly a watchman in a neighboring street croaks from a throat husky with bronchitis, "Past three o'clock, and a fine morning." His accents, oft repeated in linked hoarseness long drawn out, die tremulously into the distance of interminable streets, and the square is as rigidly still as death, when two figures emerge from the shadow into the moonlight. They are walking slowly, but conversing vehemently. They are not in argument, but rather in an interchange of sentiment, for both are friends and poets—one the author of a satire, the other of a tragedy. They discuss the wrongs endured by unassisted genius.

One of these persons is a bulky but not ill formed young man; his age about twenty-eight. His face resembles the mask of an antique statue in its strong outline and massive cast. The ploughshare of hereditary disease has passed across it and left deep furrows. The neck is short; the head inclines to one side; he wears no wig, but the hair as nature gave it, unpowdered, and very stiff, and badly combed. The neckcloth is slovenly; the massive limbs loosely arranged, and shuffling along in an uneasy shamble, as if they distrusted the feet which bore them.

"Lax in his gaiters, laxer in his gait,"

he rolls and heaves along, like a dredging boat in a sea-swell, gesticulating vehemently, talking decisively, and at times, or when excited by the animation of discussion, exhibiting a spasmodic action in his features and his frame so violent that it might be termed an epilepsy of the intellect for the time being, without the danger, though with something of the disagreeableness, of the actual malady.

This man is Samuel Johnson, philomath, and late pedagogue at Edial, near Lichfield; a raw importation from the county of Stafford. Still a thoroughly obscure man, or

"not yet deterré," as Pope remarked on reading his "London;" the future philosopher; the embryo essayist; the great English lexicographer; the intellectual infant Hercules, who, even from the cradle of his young fame, sought to strangle the serpents of metropolitan vice with the arms of his satire; as afterwards he would have swept the Augæan stables of the age with the besom of his stern morality; the Logomachist of the coterie; the Talus or Iron Man of argument; invulnerable, like the son of Thetis, and never exposing a retreating heel to the shafts of an antagonist; the future pride and pleasure of the coffee-house, the terror and delight of the club, and the charm as well as the fond votary of the tea-table; the greatest of conversationists; omnipotent in colloquial rebuff and conclusive sarcasm, or sophism, if needs be, to secure the victory; one of England's greatest minds; scarred, like his own face, at times, with the hoof-marks of prejudice; and darkly spotted here and there with superstition, but still, we repeat, one of England's finest, noblest minds—clear, robust, healthy; bibulous as a sponge; out-giving as a fountain; rapid in inward creation, rich in outward production; a kind of mental printing press always at work, and which threw of its proof sheets as eagerly as accurately; self-reliant to a fault, and sturdily erect; defiant of knaves and fools, and oak-like in its rooted doggedness; yet not without a touch of sweet love, like a sunbeam on a cliff, or an ivy tendril hanging over the huge bosses of the unwedgeable and gnarled tree.

And what is Mr. Samuel Johnson doing here, scenting the morning, waking while the larks sleep, and "walking round and round the square" (the words are Boswell's, and appear to our Hibernian ears a bull, unless we suppose the philosopher to have been trying to solve, by a peripatetic diagram, the great geometrical difficulty of the quadrature of the circle?) He is sacrificing his sleep to his friendship; and this night-scene in St. James'-square, as we have painted it—and most of its features are true—may aptly symbolize the two portions of Johnson's life; for here was the dark shadow which wrapped his youth in obscurity; and here was the mellow lustre in which he walked in his elder years, shining steadily around him through after-life.

His companion! Who is he? He looks

a little older,* and is a great deal slenderer, and very much better drest, that is, his clothes are well made, but, alas! they are also well worn. He has an air of faded fashion about him. There is decision in every line of the lank and long, and melancholy visage: it is a veritable Quixotic face. Meagre and proud, and high, and pale—an exceeding "woeful countenance"—which sadness and scorn alternately cloud and corrugate. It is mixed up with extreme diversities: the brow and eye are intellectual and bright, while the lower features are sensual and coarse—humor and passion both lurk in the mouth, yet few smiles expand those lips from which laughter seems altogether banished, while the voice is sweet, soft, and lute-like; the pace is slow, and the gait has a certain pretension to importance, which ill harmonizes with the rest of his appearance. This person is Richard Savage—a man whose rare talents might have brought him poetic immortality, and a lofty pedestal in the Muses' temple, had not his coarser vices, together with his pride and his ingratitude, dragged him down to the lowest moral depth, and buried the many bright things he had in brain and bosom, head and heart, in the same mud heap.

In this picture we recognize one of Savage's bright points of character, in that he was able to elicit, retain, and perpetuate, the affectionate friendship of such a man as Samuel Johnson. They had dined together at the "Pine Apple," in New-Street. Supper, probably, they had none. Why were they here so late and lone? We answer only for Savage. He was here because he could be nowhere else; he was in the chill night air because there was no roof to receive him; he was walking because he had nowhere to sit, save on the steps of some hall-door; he was restless because he had nowhere to repose his weary body; and he was but too glad to meet a man like Johnson, a recent acquaintance, yet full of sympathy and intellectual communicativeness—a man nearly as penniless, though not quite so proud as himself—equally independent in his modes of thought, yet with a mind and conscience immeasurably better regulated than that of this poor wanderer and companion, by whose side he walks and talks, as they endeavor to cheat the claims of the stomach, and the want of a bed, by the fascinations of a moonlight ramble,

* Savage was born in 1698, Johnson in 1709.

and the charms of a dissertation on Books, Men, and Governments.

Yet, strange as it may seem, this is among the least reprehensible of the scenic features of the strange life of Savage; for here was no furious orgie of tavern brawl—here was no exhibition of pride almost Satanic, of mad, unreasonable stubbornness, or open profligacy—of most arrogant selfishness, or hideously ungrateful recalcitration, flinging the mud liberally on those who had helped him, or kicking and biting at the friend who had yoked himself in the harness of his necessities, and was trying to draw for him part of his burthen.

Another scene, and we have Savage better dressed, and more at ease with himself and the world. Our stereoscope represents the interior of a coffee-house at Hyde Park Corner. Here, in a room small and meanly furnished, sit two men who have just arrived in a handsome carriage, which is at this moment driving from the door. One of these is Richard Savage; the other, who is fully twenty years his senior, is a beau and a militaire, being a captain in Lord Lucas' regiment of Fusilier Guards, with a somewhat diminutive stature and a long dress sword: he has laced ruffles in abundance on his shirt sleeves and at his bosom, but not a shadow on his smiling face; with an air at that time styled "genteel," in these days called distingué. Around this gentleman's agreeable face and person there is a brilliant atmosphere of life and animation, for the three Celtic characteristics are his—vivacity, volatility, and versatility—by turns the curse and advantage, the obstacle and ornament of his nation:—for he is an Irishman, and his name is Sir Richard Steele.

He is Savage's patron and warm friend, and was steadily so, till the other became his caricaturist. Now he was perhaps drawn to him by a similarity in their tastes and pecuniary sufferings as well as by the secret sympathy which might have sprung up unconsciously between two characters distinguished by glaring anomalies; for Steele was a moralist in theory, and almost a profligate in practice; in his book,* a professed Christian—in his bearing, a rake and a spend-

* "The Christian Hero," which he wrote to be a check upon his own life. Steele was a keen political Protestant, and his "Romish Ecclesiastical History of late years" contains revelations pungent enough to satisfy the warmest polemic of the present day.

thrift—practising, as Johnson said of him, “the lighter vices,” which means, we may suppose, that he was only not guilty of cutting his neighbor’s throat, eloping with his wife, or taking a man’s purse from him on the King’s highway.

What are they doing? The patron is dictating a pamphlet to the client who sits and writes. Then a shabby dinner is served, to eke out which the client asks and scarce obtains a bottle of wine. The dinner eaten and the wine drank, the author and the amanuensis go to work again. Sir Richard paces the room in a fine frenzy of political inspiration, while Mr. Richard sits and writes, and bites his thumb for very dulness and impatience. The pamphlet finished, Savage carries it to a bookseller, who gives him two guineas for it—a fair price for a hastily got-up brochure; but probably the commodity was more spicy than the dinner it was meant to pay for. For the knight was without money, and, like Pierre or Dr. Pangloss, “not worth a ducat.”

Such was another phase of Savage’s life, and such the companions who must have influenced his morals, and pointed his habits and principles for evil.

Let us shift the scene earlier into Richard Savage’s life. It is night—a cold, black, heavy night; the broad Thames, reflecting many a light on its surface from bridge, or boat, or window, rolls muddily and swiftly through its many-arched bridges, and past successions of interminable yards and houses which line its banks, onward and onward to meet the green and jubilant sea. In one of these yards stands a brick building, terminated by a high chimney. The place is strewn with cinders, broken bottles mouldering wood, and other litter:

“Shards and scurf of salt, red scum of dross,
Old plash of rains, and refuse patched with moss.”

In one corner, beside a shed which juts over the river, is a heap of white soft ashes, which has been recently thrown out from the glass-house, and being still warm, emits a faint smoke.

Down the steep, narrow street which descends from the Strand, and faces this yard, comes a poor, solitary man, with coat buttoned to the chin, and worn hose, and broken hat, and cobbled shoes, and gloveless hands red with cold, “marvellously ill-favored;”

his eyes are staring and lack lustre, and have no speculation; he staggers as he tries to poise himself so as to enter the gate, which done, he makes, as if by intuition, for the river shed, and, pulling his hat over his eyes, the living dust of Richard Savage sinks down and reposes on the ashes of a glass-house, in the fevered slumber which succeeds a long spell of tavern debauch. A wherry is passing up the river, conveying a happy young party from Greenwich. They are singing as they row. They are returning to their joyous homes of warmth and light, and the sweep of their oars reaches within a few yards of the prostrate, impoverished form, begrimmed with filth, debased with drink, and all whitened and soiled with ashes.

These pictures are facts in the chequered life of Savage. They are history, not fiction. He was a man of whose subjective being we know little. He was reserved and locked up as to the workings of his mind; but sketches like these illustrate the varied phenomena of his outward existence, his dire poverty, his wild, unrestricted habits of dissipation, and the shifts by which he barely existed.

Such was the man who behaved with unaccountable ingratitude to Sir Richard Steele, a cordial and liberal person, when his pocket was not too empty to permit of his heart being full; to Lord Tyrconnel; and, though Savage would not allow it, we fear to Alexander Pope, also.

Richard Savage’s friendships appear to have had three stages. The beginning of each was distinguished by sincere warmth, on his part, for the load of benefits received—warmth which, however, he soon got rid of by discharging it in successive salvos of flattery, in which odious and loathsome habit he was a thorough adept. The second stage of his affection for his benefactors consisted in making too free with their homes, disordering their households by his unbridled excesses, and then sulking and huffing at some imagined insult, or resenting some friendly remonstrance. The third and last stage of his treatment of his friends was an angry and scornful retreat, on his part, or a hasty flight on theirs; either act of separation being accompanied by a shower from Savage of sarcasm or personal ridicule, abusive squibs, hissing in prose, or bouncing and blazing in rhyme.

To exemplify this we add another sketch

explanatory of his strange life. It is a large and splendid looking house in one of the West-end streets of London. Its back windows open on the Park. It is a summer evening, and the noble and wealthy owners of the mansion are away for a week in Lincolnshire. A few servants in rich liveries lounge at the street door, or pass through the spacious hall, stoved, pillared, and arched and hung with picture or escutcheon, or graced with marble plinth supporting bust or statue, and redolent of hot-house plants and flowers, which breathe their sweetness from broad Parian slabs. The dining-room is empty—

"The vast and echoing room, the polished grate,
The crimson chairs, the sideboard with its plate,
The shining tables curiously inlaid,
Are all in comfortless proud state displayed."

But in the library, which is fashionably furnished, and carpeted from looms of Turkey, sit a noisy and a jovial crew around a table strewn with fruit and confectionary, and glittering with glasses and decanters. Some of these men are drunk, and all clamorous. Players are they from Drury-lane; poets from the Strand or Grub-street; or hiring writers at a penny a line from St. John's Gate. Song succeeds chat. Shout follows song. An incessant ringing of the bell is kept going, with a summoning up of servants, and imperious demands for wine—more wine—brandy—Hollands—any thing the cellar will grant, and the water-butt disallow. Then, "as the mirth and fun grows fast and furious," follow angry chidings, or tipsy ridicule from the guests against the staid and dignified butler (probably a much prouder man than his master), and impertinent personalities on the tall footman, who is in a rage. Then, spilling of wine on the rich carpet and varnished table, fracturing of glasses, oaths, quarrels, blows, and all the filthy etceteras accompanying brutal and vulgar orgies. Around the walls, and gazing down on this scene of riot, as if in mute astonishment, from their oak recesses or varnished shelves, each in his glancing suit of costly binding; each with his honored name upon his brow, and a viscount's coronet, like a gorget gold-graven on his breast, stand calmly and immovably the mighty dead, with all their minds embalmed in deathless print. Like rows of kings deceased, that lie enshrined in some vast pyramid; or looking down, like Rome's old nobles from the seats of the am-

phitheatre on the show of wild beasts contending in the circus.

And who is the leading spirit of the party, the *αρχιτεκνολοχ* of these revels in another man's house, and at another man's expense? Who is the owner of the mansion where so much disorder prevails? The man is unfortunate Richard Savage, and the proprietor of the house, John Brownlow, of Belton, Lincolnshire—Viscount Tyrconnel—and nephew of Savage's guilty and unnatural mother, the Countess of Macclesfield.

As these are high and notable names, it will be expedient to say a word concerning them. First, for our poet. He was so named by his father, Richard Savage, Earl of Rivers, a man of high political status in the reigns of William III. and Anne. He was a general officer, an ambassador, and master of the ordnance, and of "that noble family of Savages" whom old Camden speaks of in his History of Cheshire, one of whom founded a college at Macclesfield, and was Bishop of London, and afterwards Archbishop of York. Probably, of this race was John Savage, D. D., the rector of Clothall, Herts, from his ready wit and facetiousness styled the "Aristippus" of the day. Having tarried in his travels for a long time at Rome, he was asked at levee by George I., on his return, why, during so protracted a stay, he had not converted the Pope? "Because, your Majesty," said he, "I had nothing better to offer him." This divine published a sermon on Election; but it was on "The Election of the Lord Mayor in 1707."

Another of these Savages came to Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth, and settled at Rheban, in the Queen's County. He was the Right Hon. Sir Arthur Savage, and was an ancestor in the female line of our Earl of Rosse, of scientific celebrity; and likewise a progenitor of the ancient family of Borrowes, of Giltown, now represented by the Rev. Sir Erasmus Borrowes, Bart., one of our best informed and most accurate Irish antiquarians, if his friends could only prevail on him to give the world more of his researches. But the heads of the family are the Savages of Porta-ferry, in the county of Down, who came into Ireland at her Conquest, and, though Norman in blood and bearing, soon succumbed to the influence of the atmosphere, and became a fierce and dominant race—"Ipsis Hibernicis Hiberniores." The country

round Portaferry, and the Ards, and over the sea to Strangford, is all studded with their ruined castles; and their history contains incident enough to supply materials for half a dozen romances. Of this race was Lord Rivers; and though a guilty father, he acted, at least, generously to his son; for he was sponsor at his baptism, and gave him his own name, inquired for him frequently during his life, supposing him to have been tenderly reared and carefully looked after by Lady Macclesfield, and on his death-bed bequeathed him £6,000, which was cancelled on her ladyship affirming that Savage was dead! Savage appears to have been drawn to his father, and invokes him as "Rivers! hallowed shade!" in a poem he wrote, long after the Earl's death, to his daughter, Lady Rochford.

Let us now pass on to Lord Tyrconnel. This is the Celtic name for Donegal; it means the Land of Connal, "who was son to O'Nial of the nine hostages"—a monarch of Ireland, ancient and famous, from whom descend the O'Donels of Donegal. James I. conferred, in 1602, the title of Earl of Tyrconnel and Baron Donegal on Roderick O'Donel, one of this race; but it was lost to the family for want of male issue. The next Earl of Tyrconnel made by the English Government was Richard Talbot, the unscrupulous general of James II., whom he afterwards created a Duke. The succeeding Earl of Tyrconnel was John Brownlow, Baron Charleville and Knight of the Bath, the patron of Savage, and in whose house we find him now reveling. He was the last earl of his name; but his daughter marrying into the Cust family, and bringing the estate of Belton with her; and her grandson, Sir Brownlow Cust, having incorporated her name with his own, and being ennobled, became an ancestor of the present Earls Brownlow, as *they* are a remote branch of the Lords Lurgan of this country.*

* The wandering title of Tyrconnel was again conferred by George I. on George Carpenter, a brave soldier, who fought against the first Pretender in 1715. It is now extinct. It was a policy to give these ancient Irish honors to Englishmen and favorites, as if to preclude the contingency of any Irish aspirant of the old stock making an application. Witness—together with the present example—the fate of the title of "the Earl of Desmond." After the murder of the "Great Rebel," and the death of the last earl, his son, King James gave this most princely title to a knight—one Sir Richard Preston—who was drowned; when James again bestowed it on Sir William Fielden, of German descent, a stout cavalier, who was married to the sister of the favorite Duke of Buckingham,

We must not confuse this unhappy Countess of Macclesfield with the present noble family who enjoy that title. *They* are descended from Thomas Parker, Lord Chancellor of England. The families were not connected—the husband of Savage's mother was a Gerrard, a descendant of that Digby Gerrard whom James I. ennobled as Baron Gerard of Brownley. He was a Whig (as was his wife's nephew, Lord Tyrconnel); and Burnet tells us that William, of "pious and immortal memory," selected him to take over to Hanover the Order of the Garter to the Elector, and a copy of the Act of Protestant Succession to the Electoress. His two nieces were married to the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun, and a dispute concerning their property produced that famous and tragical duel. He was divorced from his guilty wife, on the shameful occasion of her infidelity with Lord Rivers and Savage's birth; yet from their lofty rank and their great wealth, as well as the publicity consequent on their profligacy, it must have been a sore vexation to them when Savage avouched his intention of lampooning his mother, and giving to the public, in broadest detail, the record of her infamy, and her want of natural and womanly feeling.

To avert these disclosures, which would have come recommended by the undoubted genius of the writer—disclosures for which the gossiping world were sighing and languishing—to hinder so shameful a revelation of family matters, and shield his aunt from such an aggravation of her dishonor, Lord Tyrconnel invited Savage, his cousin-german, though with a bar sinister on his shield, to make his house his home, and added to this benefit a pension of £200 a-year, which, probably, came from the secret service purse of Lady Macclesfield, whose large fortune had all been restored to her on her divorce, and who was now the wife of the gay Colonel Brett.

This was the summer time of Savage's life. Here he mingled in what is termed good society; and here he wrote his *Wanderer*, a poem consisting of five cantos and upwards of 2,000 lines, and dedicated, in a strain of most full-blown and fulsome adulation, to his noble host and patron. This poem, which Alexander Pope read over three times with increasing pleasure, we confess, till lately, we and this Sir William's son was Earl of Desmond and Denbigh.

never had the required combination of valor and long-suffering to wade through, but merely dipped into it as into a huge finger-glass, more for the sake of flinging a criticism on the public, than from the most remote hope of finding either edification or refreshment. In this we were much mistaken, as we found matter both to admire, and to interest us. The description of Casmo, under which name he, probably, satirized Walpole, is ably sketched, and somewhat in Dryden's manner. The following is very fresh and Georgical, and reminds one of something between Thompson and George Crabbe:—

"Windward we shift: near down th' ethereal steep

The lamp of day hangs hov'ring o'er the deep:
Dun shades, in rocky shapes, up ether roll'd,
Project long, shaggy points deep ting'd with gold;

Others take, faint, th' unripen'd cherry's dye,
And paint amusing landscapes on the eye;
Their blue veil'd yellow, thro' a sky serene,
In swelling mixture forms a floating green;
Streak'd thro' white clouds a mild vermilion shines,

And the breeze freshens as the heat declines.
Yon crooked, sunny roads change rising views
From brown to sandy red and chalky hues.

* * * * *

While thus we throw around our gladden'd eyes,
The gifts of Heav'n in gay profusion rise;
Trees rich with gums and fruits, with jewels, rocks;

Plains with flowers, herbs, and plants, and beeves, and flocks;

Mountains with mines, with oak and cedar woods;

Quarries with marble, and with fish the floods;
In dark'ning spots, 'mid fields of various dyes,
Tilth, new manured, or naked fallow, lies.

Near uplands fertile pride enclos'd, display
The green grass yellowing into scentful hay;
And thickest hedges fence the full-eared corn,
and berries blacken on the vivid thorn.

Mark in yon heath oppos'd the cultur'd scene,
Wild thyme, pale box, and firs of darker green;
The native strawberry red rip'ning grows,
By nettles guarded, as by thorns the rose.

There nightingales in unprun'd copses build,
In shaggy furzes lies the hare conceal'd;
"Twixt ferns and thistles unsown flow'rs amuse,
And form a lucid chase of various hues,
Many half-gray with dust; confus'd they lie,
Scent the rich year and lead the wand'ring eye."

There is much of the foregoing which, as descriptive poetry, is striking, and reminds one of what Richard Wilson has done so beautifully on canvas. Had Savage always written with the same gentle and graceful reed, and not struck his hard stylus into human hearts, or with a quill plucked from the wing of some obscure bird, and moistened

with the ichor of corruption, indicted things so coarse and vile, that even the unscrupulous age he lived in could not but turn from them; if, amidst his numerous invocations of muse and nymph, he had more frequently called the handmaid Refinement to his side, or besought the sober sylph Morality to guide him—his Poems would have been divested of the element of self-destructibility they contained.

During his sojourn at Lord Tyrconnel's, he addressed a poem to her ladyship, on her recovery from sickness by means of the Bath waters. Johnson speaks favorably of its imagery; more modern tastes would smile at the old trite machinery of nymphs, and goddesses, and muses, of which it is made up; but, no doubt, it pleased the public, and did not displease the lady.

Weary, at last, of Savage's extreme irregularities, and the unwarrantable liberties he and his jovial companions took with his servants and mansion, Lord Tyrconnel dismissed the unfortunate poet from his favor, and, what was worse, from his table; and so, in one hour, converted the spring of kindness which had flowed upon himself, in streams of sweetest flattery, into a fountain of vinegar, from the pen and tongue of the expelled and irritated bard.

The future quarrels of these two men—the rich lord and the pauper poet—as narrated by Dr. Johnson, are equally discreditable to both, and most painful to read.

When all hope from his aristocratic kinsfolk was thus ended, Savage gave vent to his long-nourished anger against his mother, and published the poem by which he is best known and remembered. It is as coarse in nature as it is in name; yet, with an absence of delicacy, there is the presence of amazing vigor of expression, and a terseness and appositeness approximating to some of Dryden's strong satirical sketches. It is one of the poems from which men quote traditionally—that is, the quotation has been handed down from sire to son, while the poem itself is unknown perhaps by name, and its author never heard of, like men who praise the wine they drink, but know not from what vineyard it was produced. We can all remember the late Mr. O'Connell's response to a young nobleman, who had thoughtlessly attacked him in the House of Commons, and how severely to his antagonist and felicitously for himself, he quoted a couplet from this poem:

"He lives to build, not boast a generous race—
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face."

Many really pathetic lines occur in the production, for, amidst all his patent faults and errors of the head, Savage possessed great feeling. Although living as a heathen, he oftentimes wrote like a Christian, appealing to his Creator, and appearing, in various parts of his poems, to have had correct and orthodox views concerning the divinity and personality of the Redeemer of mankind, and not to have entirely neglected his Bible. Yet, alas! these gleams are like angels' visits in his pages, nor is it possible to trace any influence of a higher or more spiritual order upon the principles of Savage, or the practices of a life so unregulated and dissolute as his.

In these loose and somewhat vagrant pages, we profess not to give a regular memoir of Savage. Dr. Johnson has done this, and in so masterly a manner, as regards composition and interest, as no mind or pen could surpass. It is told of Sir Joshua Reynolds that he read this life, not knowing the author, at his mantel-piece, at a standing—"stans pede in uno"—and so absorbed was he by its style and matter, that when he had finished the last page, and attempted to remove the hand which had held the book, "he found that it was quite benumbed."

But, though Johnson's Biography of Savage possesses all the fire of eloquence, and the indignant oratory of the friend, the sympathizer, and the partisan, yet there are passages through it which deeply hurt the moral taste, and seem anomalous, as proceeding from the usually severe and truthful pen of Samuel Johnson. Witness his merciless castigation of Savage's mother, whom, unprincipled as she was, a Christian man would prefer rather to pity and pass by, than scourge till the blood came.

Worse even than this, is his cordial sympathy with the dreadful vengeance which Savage perpetrated on this unhappy woman, when, in his most coarse poem, he pilloried her for public insult and reprobation, so that the guilty, wretched lady was obliged to fly from Bath, and hide herself in the populous solitude of London.

Johnson's honesty, at times, *does* triumph over his partiality, but he loved Savage with much affection. He had been the companion of his youth; they had sympathized in many things—had eaten, drank, hungered, and

thirsted together—had paced the same midnight street for want of a lodging, and slept on the same watchman's box for lack of a bed. Savage was the elder man by about ten years, and had seen much of fashionable and literary society. He was an intense and profound observer, and had a memory all but miraculous for what he had seen and heard. Johnson's past life was spent in obscurity among the plebeians and *bas gens* of Lichfield and Edial. The sun of the former had all but finished its course, the sun of the latter was only struggling above the horizon through the clouds of obscurity. Johnson, therefore, felt a debtor to Savage, and looked upon him as in many points his superior. He deeply pitied him also—and pity is akin to love. We may deduce how very highly he estimated his friend, by the following couplet, which appeared in the pages of the "Gentleman's Magazine":

"AD RICARDUM SAVAGE.

Humani studium generis cui pectore fervet,
Oh, colet humanum, te foveatque genus!"

There is both love and esteem in this distich. It appeared in the year 1738, some ten or eleven years after Savage's unfortunate and deadly affray with Mr. Sinclair, at the tavern—some time, too, after his trial before Judge Page—after his conduct to Steele; his attack on Bishop Hondley; his affair in the King's Bench court, where the crown prosecuted him for profligate writing, and where his plea was that the age was amended by showing the deformity of wickedness; which defence was admitted by Sir Philip Yorke, the presiding justice, who dismissed the suit with high encomiums on the purity and excellence of Mr. Savage's writings!

After all these égaremens, and a thousand more, Johnson, the "good hater" and the deep lover, wrote thus of his poor friend Savage; and, six years afterwards, when that poor friend had gone to his account, Johnson gave the world the Life we speak of, as fresh and glowing with the morning lights, and tender hues, and vivid feeling of his early companionship and love for him who was more than a year dead, as if he had only just parted with him, after a long and delightful talk and walk, and given him a shake by the hand at the corner of Fleet-street.

Johnson's strong affection for the friend colors the ink with which he wrote the Biography of the man. We read of "In-

dignation Meetings" among the Americans: Savage had stung Johnson with the sympathizing poison of his own proper wrongs; and so Johnson wrote an Indignation Memoir.

Savage's tragedy was an early production, written in 1723, when the author was twenty-five years old. It was amended by Cibber, and by Adam Hill, the man who wrote "Tender-hearted stroke a nettle," &c., and who was a steady friend to Savage through life: the play was called "Sir Thomas Overbury," and Savage assumed the buskin and mounted the boards himself, playing the principal character, but with singular want of success. This tragedy he had composed in the very depths of his penury. Whatever histrionic talent he might have possessed, could not develop itself under such a weight of physical deficiency, as too surely must have resulted from starvation and want of sleep. All great actors, we have been told, eat heartily and lie long; and public singers indulge, on principle, in meat suppers, and porter at luncheon; but a night cellar, or a stroll along the sides of St. James'-square, with hunger to boot, would ill fit the nerves and muscles, or the brain either, for the ease of deportment and energy of action which are essential to good acting. In the year 1777, this play was reproduced at Drury-lane, with alterations. Richard Brinsley Sheridan wrote the prologue commencing with

"Ill-fated Savage! at whose birth was given
No parent but the muse, no friend but
Heaven!"

and terminating with a compliment to—Johnson's Dictionary!—thus ignoring the friendship of the sage, while pronouncing on his book as a *chef d'œuvre*.

While living with Lord Tyrconnel, Savage had written an eulogistic poem to Sir Robert Walpole, for which the minister had sent him twenty guineas, not that he loved poetry,* but that he was fond of praise. In this production he eulogizes Protestantism, William III., Queen Elizabeth, Liberty, and King George, of whom he says—

"A prince who o'er his people great
As much transcends in virtue as in state."

Savage probably forgot his mistresses, his harshness to his son, his boozy habits, and his tobacco pipe! The whole poem is most insincere, and halts villainously in sentiment, as do all dishonest things; yet Savage strongly

* Swift called him "Bob, the Poet's foe."

apostrophizes truth in the beginning of his rhyme, which naturally begets a suspicion that he is about to indulge in the reverse; as man and wife often employ endearing epithets when they are on the brink of a matrimonial conflict. Of Walpole, Savage afterwards spoke with acrimony and contempt, styling him a "foe to liberty, and an oppressor of his country," and excused himself in the matter of this poetical panegyric by asserting that Lord Tyrconnel, who was a follower of Walpole, "menaced" him to do it. In after life he was more honest, and not so complimentary; for, it having been reported that Walpole would grant him a life pension of two hundred a year (which, however, never appeared), Savage, as usual, made his wrongs public by writing "The Poet's dependence on a Statesman." In this are some good lines. Take the following:

"Where lives the statesman, so in honor clear,
To give where he has nought to hope or fear?
No! there to seek is but to find fresh pain—
The promise broke, renewed, and broke again;
To be as humor deigns, received, refused,
By turns affronted, and by turns amused;
To lose that time which worthier thoughts require;
To lose the health which should those thoughts inspire;
To starve or hope; or, like chameleons, fare
On ministerial faith—which means 'but air.'"

When writing the above, Savage probably had Spenser's fine lines on the same subject in his mind, beginning with "Full little knows," &c.; if so, the copy falls far short of the original.

He had for about seven years received a pension of fifty pounds a year from Queen Caroline, on which he paid an annual interest in panegyric of the most unblushing nature, mingled, as was his wont, with strong allusions to his own birth, miseries, and merits. Though not holding the *office*, which had been bestowed on Cibber, he assumed the title of "Volunteer Poet Laureate." In his first ode on her Majesty's birth-day, he talks of the king "breathing his own soft morals o'er the state," and, to make the matter more flagrant still, he adds his hope that the muse

"—Should find all this, and make it seen,
And teach the world his praise, to charm his queen."

Now we all have an unhappy consciousness of the morals of George II. Some of us have read Lord Harvey's memoirs of his court and of himself; and most of us are familiar

with the picture, in Richmond Park, of the interview between the Duke of Argyle and the tolerant queen and wife, limned by Walter Scott, in the "Heart of Mid Lothian." To all, therefore, who know how things actually were, how utterly false and unreal must this appear; and how gross, how base, how dishonest, do such annals as these evidence the times to have been: yet, strange to say, and in the very teeth of all truth, the queen expressed herself especially gratified with that part of the ode which alluded to the "soft morals" of her most gracious husband.

There are lines in this first ode which illustrate the occasional terseness and polish of Savage's poetry: they form a narrative of his life, and are a specimen of his powers:

"Two fathers joined to rob my claim of one;
My mother, too, thought fit to have no son;
The Senate, next, whose aid the helpless own,
Forgot my infant wrongs, and mine alone:
Yet parents pitiless, nor peers unkind,
Nor titles lost, nor woes mysterious joined,
Strip me of hope—by heaven, thus lowly laid
I found a Pharaoh's daughter in the shade."

When Pharaoh's daughter, however, ceased to live, some seven years afterwards, Savage, of course, lost his patroness; and his pension died with the royal donor.

We sketch one more picture, and the ground color on the canvas shall be celestial blue, the hue and type of hope.

The time is morning; the place Holborn; the locality the stable-yard of the ancient hostel called "The Blue Boar." Here stands a large lumbering stage-coach, filled with clumsy luggage, and fast filling with passengers; the horses are being put to; while under the archway through which the coach is to proceed, stands a knot of persons eagerly talking to, and intent on one who is booked for Bristol, and coated, cravatted, and equipped for the journey. This man is thin, long-faced, melancholy, saturnine, with a certain pretension to importance, which almost resembles dignity. His face wears the furrows which sorrow and misfortune plough; yet over "the pale cast of thought" come flying at times gleams of happiness and of hope. This is Richard Savage: he is going into Wales to ruralize and retrench; he is well clad, and has money in his purse, and a small pension to look to for the future, promised him by some of these faithful hearts which are beating round him here in all the excitement

of a long farewell. Here was Aaron Hill, poet and projector,* whom Swift ridicules in his Laputan University as endeavoring to "extract sunbeams from a cucumber;" here, too, was James Thompson, who sang "The Seasons," "robust and ungraceful;" here was Wilks, of the Theatre Royal; and David Mallet, the poet, whom Johnson afterwards called "a beggarly Scotchman," in his just ire at his being the editor of Bolingbroke's Infidelity; and here was "the sage himself," and when it came to his turn to say good-bye to Savage, his large frame is convulsed with emotion, while tears fall hot and fast from the eyes of poor Savage—for Johnson had been his steadiest friend, had shared with his indigence, his own scanty purse; had also been voluntarily his apologist, and they never met again so happily, so hopefully. In that inn-yard the last ray seemed to fall upon Savage's life; and on his return to London the clouds of ruin and degradation came so swiftly and darkly around him, that few traces of that most melancholy existence would now remain, had not the friend who parted with him then in tears taken up the pen in truth and pity; for all must perceive that it is by Johnson's biography alone that Savage survives.

There was enough of base and coarse bal- last in his character to have sunk him beneath the surface, in spite of the tapering masts, gay figurehead, trim hull, and flowing sails, swelling to the gale of genius, which he displayed. He must have gone down, with others of less note but similar defects, had not Johnson rescued his name from oblivion. All honor to his honest, loving, generous nature for the act; for, though Religion may weep over the record, and Morality look grave, and Reason deny the *vis consequentiæ* of many of Johnson's statements; and Criticism smile at his expressed admiration of the occasional tawdriness or bombast occurring in Savage's poetry; yet all must admire the chivalry which led him to couch his tough, strong spear in the cause of the outcast—all must acknowledge the nobility of spirit which actuated him to magnify the virtues, and diminish or forget the faults of his old companion; and while an angry world pressed round to insult his fallen friend, who can but own to the generous loyalty and valor of

* Aaron Hill's plan "whereby the nation might gain a million annually," by extracting oil from beech nuts! was published in the year 1716.

Johnson, who, like the Ajaces bestriding the dead body of Patroclus, stood over the prostrate form and fortune of Savage, prepared for every attack.

At the same time, here and there the honesty and truthfulness of the biographer's mind overcome his partiality, and Johnson confesses, condemns, and deplors the desperate faults which darkened his friend's character.

And now, ere we sketch the closing scene of the life of this Unfortunate, let us glance back along these pages, and if there should be found there a touch of seeming levity, when treating of the miseries of one who says of himself—

"To such sad pitch my gathering griefs were wrought,

Life seemed not life, save when convulsed by thought ;"

we would disclaim the feeling altogether. The sorrows of Savage were too stern for any thing but tears : they challenge and command the truest pity. Without doubt, we recognize in his character traits to excite a melancholy smile—such as his vanity—his sanguineness, huge and Macauber-like—his pretension to rank, in spite of, as he says,

"The Bar which, darkening, crossed my crested claim."

—and, without doubt, we can discern in his bearing, qualities to elicit a condemnatory sigh, such as his obstinacy, his profligacy, his fierce pride, his fickleness, his ingratitude, and his occasional meannesses. Yet, when we think of the sting which poisoned his birth, and the shadow which darkened his youth—the hopes, however baseless, which his vanity blew into a flame, and which deceived him and prostrated him a hundred times ; when we think of the unquestionable genius which adorned and refined him, and the pinching want and ruthless poverty which degraded him, and made him vile in his own eyes and those of others ; when we see him shining amidst the wits of the coffee-house, or heading the revellers in the tavern, and then staggering down to his night-cellar to rest among thieves and vagrants, or to his wooden box to sleep, and start and shiver beneath the cold stars till morning ; when we see him come down from the high stilts of his pride into the mire of sycophancy, and bow before such men as Walpole and Tyrconnel, and all for the sake of (sueing, not in forma pauperis, but in statu poetæ,) a little money ; when we trace the gradual break-down of even the affectation of moral dignity, and the mental degradation which so frequently ac-

companies pecuniary difficulties ; when we see his pride, his impatience, his recklessness, his sensitiveness to slight or insult, all increasing inversely with the decrease of his hopes, his fortune, and his respectability ; when we see the gifted Savage, with his learning, wit, memory, and fascinations—with his own estimate of what he ought to be, and his own conception of what he might be ; when such a man passes before us on the stage of life, with scarce a coat on his back, or a shoe to his feet, or a hat to guard him from the weather—with no dinner to give him strength, no pillow to steep his senses in forgetfulness, no lodging to afford him shelter—with no friend whom he had not disappointed, no enemy whom he had not irritated—a solitary abstract in the world's family, with none of his blood who would call him cousin—a proud, penniless, yet most interesting vagrant, now attractive and charming by his intellectuality, now repelling and shocking by his evil conduct—his hauteur all but ridiculous, if it were not so melancholy—frequently with the abasement of penury around his person, and a mountain of pride in his heart—little else than a beggar in the estimation of the passers-by, and little less than a prince in his own conceit—in his own fancy, independent, yet, in plain fact, most dependent ; when we see him thus the victim of pride, indigence, profligacy, and sorrow—an old man before he had ceased to be young, and a broken man when his branch should as yet be green and strong—his mind apparently exhausted by its own fires, yet preserving its fever and spasm of pride to the last ; now struggling upwards to the surface, now thoroughly bewildered, and not knowing where to flee to—his expedients, like his patrons, all worn out—falling, falling, as branch after branch broke under him, and friend after friend departed and faded off into the distance—arrested for a debt so paltry that a working tailor could have paid it by the contribution of a fortnight's wages—and, "last stage of all," pinning, and rotting, and dying in a jail, with not a friend to close his eyes but "Mr. Dagg, the keeper"—with no one, apparently to speak to him of a Saviour ; and that it was for him, and sinners like to him, that God's immeasurable love sent a Redeemer to atone and to save ; tidings which might have cast a glory round the dying man's head ; when we sum up all this, we would deliberately say that history, or biography, the colors on the painter's canvas, or the cuttings of the sculptor's chisel, the poet's flight, or the tracings of the pencil, have never produced or perpetuated any record so mournful :—nor is there any annal so dark, or any memoir so full of heart-broken misery, as that of poor, unhappy, gifted RICHARD SAVAGE.

CHAPTER XXV.—MENTAL DEVELOPMENT.

"It is a curious fact, that living in a state of hostility and rage actually affords pleasure; it seems as if people thought there was a species of heroism in it. If, unfortunately, the object of our hatred happens to die, we lose no time in finding some one to fill the vacant place. . . . Such is the world, and, without uttering a libel, I may say it is not what it ought to be."—
TRANS. "MIE PRIGIONE."

"Learn to hold thy tongue. Five words cost Zacharias forty weeks of silence."—
FULLER.

"FAME," for this time, however, was wrong. Sir Stephen returned once more to Landeris, a bachelor; from which wise people said, "Mrs. Westerton was not so clever after all." But some who were wiser, Mr. Herbert for one, said differently, allowing Mrs. Westerton the full blast of her trumpet unimpaired by detracting insinuations; for he told the Wyndhams that Sir Stephen was only gone to get his mother to assist him in making a marriage-settlement on Mr. Robert Norris, who was in newspaper parlance, "to lead to the hymeneal altar Miss Fidelia Burleigh," as soon as the lawyers and the Miss Manlys had done their part. Sir Stephen did not look so wo-begone as Margaret feared he might, on the first occasion on which she met him after his return. Without denying him a goodly portion of womanly sympathy it must be confessed he was a man who would more easily recover from such a blow than many who possessed more refinement, so to speak, of mind. His passion for Miss Frances Wyndham had been a sudden thing, and as suddenly terminated. He was naturally a slow man, and there had not been time to interweave it with every act and thought of his daily life; it is the same with many a nature, which may be a fine, generous and loving one withal; and in the bustle of preparation for his brother's wedding, consolation came gradually but certainly. The first three or four months of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Norris's married life were to be spent at Prenderley, and "mine host," good soul, in the wish of doing his only brother's wife great honor, had the whole house turned topsy-turvy with paper-hangers, painters, and upholsterers.

The Wyndhams had nothing of this kind to turn to; the stagnant nature of their present life had no new thoughts or occupations to yield medicine for them; and day by day the sisters grew more weary and sick at heart. As long as Margaret's sunny nature

remained undimmed, so long did Frances keep up a stout heart towards the world; but now, to the anxiety of missing letters from her betrothed, was added keen self-reproach for not having sooner perceived to what Sir Stephen's attentions tended; and in the sorrowful shrinking of Miss Holmdon from the old pleasant intercourse with herself and her sister, she found a fresh pang. Poor Annette, she was not to be expected to know the last act of the drama. "Dollington, Dollington," would have been her cry, if any one could have looked into the depths of her heart. What a miserable picnic that had been to some of the company! Besides this, Frances could not bear to go beyond their own grounds; the dread of meeting Sir Stephen overpowered every other feeling, and the longer it went on the more nervous she grew, and feared it more and more. Did they only pay a morning visit, the sound of their own carriage wheels on the gravel without made her color come and go, from the dread of its being Sir Stephen Norris. So she became weary and dispirited; and the anxious look her face always wore, would have grieved poor Edward Celbridge, away in the Brazils, had he known it, as it did her parents and sister at home. For this cause, Margaret delayed her own visit from home; she would not leave Frances there without her, though, poor girl, she needed change of scene also. And so the spring wore on.

Mr. Herbert was very much from home, and in his short visits back he seemed closely occupied; and the old air of constraint—that had worn away for a little—was gradually stealing again over Hall and Rectory. Florence came as of old for her Bible-lessons, but never again did Mr. Herbert even hint at her passing the period of his absence at the Rectory, and the subject was tacitly avoided by all the Wyndhams; the girls, especially, left no stone unturned to break the intimacy into polite acquaintance. It was a struggling time with them; as the girls said to each other one night with many tears, "Were we not peaceful and happy before these things arose?"

At last it was arranged that Margaret and Frances should both go from home. Mrs. Wyndham saw Frances dreaded the idea of the coming Burleigh festivities; and she wished Margaret away before the village talk began about a *dénouement* she saw

would soon come. Sooner, however, than she had reckoned on, it came.

It was a fine April day, during one of Mr. Herbert's now frequent absences from home, that Miss Cooper and Miss Jones called at the Rectory. It was to be the last day Margaret and Frances would be at home, for they were to start the next for Ousely, and they were busy packing, as most ladies must be on the eve of a journey, when Rose came up for them to go to the drawing-room. "You are especially named, Margaret; and I am sure from the way Miss Cooper has planted herself firmly on the tallest chair in the room, that she means to give you a piece of her mind."

"Then I will not go," said Frances; "I know my own mind and my parents'—"

"And Edward's," put in Rose.

"And Edward's," continued Frances; "and do not think it of the slightest consequence to any of us what Miss Cooper thinks. The presuming way she sits up, and says, 'I thought I would speak my mind, and tell her what was thought of her,' just as if she was to be Lycurgus to the community. It is an exaggerated form of impertinence. I won't go."

"Indeed you will," said Margaret. "Do you think I am going to encounter Miss Cooper's 'mind' single-handed?"

"Mamma is there."

"She will have Miss Jones, and at any rate we three will scarcely be a match for the other two ladies. Come, Frances."

"If there was any way of quenching their fire," said Frances dolefully.

"Shake out your dress well," said Rose; "put a very large, astonishing bow of ribbon in your breast, and look as assuming as you can. I have always observed the bow of ribbon have a good effect."

"Prodigious!" said Margaret, laughing at Frances, who followed at once her little sister's suggestion, and they both ran down.

"So, Miss Wyndham, you and your sister are going to leave us, I hear?"

"For a little only, Miss Jones."

"That is right; you will be back for the wedding?"

"I do not think we shall."

"Not back! Why, how could you be away at such a time? It is not every day we have such a wedding in Landeris. I would not be away for any consideration. There is

so much to hear that is amusing; and the wedding itself and the dresses, and the company! Change your minds, and come back; besides, your father is to perform the ceremony."

"I suppose he can do that without us," said Margaret.

"Never mind," with a very sagacious look, "you will be here again, I'll be bound, for the other wedding."

"What other?"

"What an innocent dear it is, to be sure—pretending such ignorance! Well, I will give you all the premium for being the best secret-keepers in the world, as well as the best match-makers," with a significant gesture towards Mrs. Wyndham. "And after settling the whole business up here quite quietly for them, without any one knowing about it, you pretend not to understand what people mean: but I can tell you, when Lavinia Manly gets wedding-dresses to make, she will not keep silence."

"I assure you, Miss Jones, I do not know to whom you allude."

"How well you can act your part! Miss Cooper, here is another lady wants enlightenment as well as her mamma."

"Well, Miss Wyndham, if you do not know, for I am half inclined to believe, from your face, you do not, I have the honor to inform you that Mr. Herbert is to be married immediately to Mrs. Selwyn."

In Margaret's inmost heart she knew what she was to hear; but as yet she had shrunk from ever even to herself putting it into words; she felt she could, and she did, answer with truth—

"I never *heard* of it before, Miss Cooper, either from the persons themselves, or from any one else. I suppose it is quite true—indeed, it is a natural result, from the intimacy that has been from their childhood, as I understand."

"It is quite true," said Miss Jones; "and I am quite ready to tell you how it all came out, and that it is all facts, not suppositions."

No doubt, she was more than ready to tell. She loved well to do it.

"The first thing was the putting off of the widow's cap; but we would not have minded that much, as the weather was getting warm, and she had worn it several years, had not Nannie told Linda Simpson Mr. Herbert had asked her to leave it off. Even this we might have passed without much notice; but

the other day, what did Lavinia Manly show me, but the loveliest grey silk you ever laid your eyes on, to be made for wearing in the evening for Mrs. Selwyn! Such flounces, and such a skirt, could almost stand alone! It took away my breath when I heard her words. That was not all; for she is making besides the richest peach-blossom and black, a plain one for mornings. I did not see it, but I hear she bought flowers for her bonnet to match it. Well, one may be as apathetic as possible, Miss Frances, but then there are things that will stir one's blood no little; and when I heard all this, I was thoroughly roused. 'Depend upon it,' I said to my sister and to Lavinia Manly, 'she is going to be married,' but to whom? That was the question. However, when people set to work regularly to search out a thing, it is queer if the truth is not elicited, even from the bottom of a well; and very soon I heard she corresponded regularly with Mr. Herbert, got and sent letters with the greatest punctuality when he was from home, which, you know, has been very often latterly. We had put all this together, but, just as if Providence had sent them to resolve our doubts, yesterday a whole *posse* of workmen arrived from London at the Hall; and there is papering and painting going on there, ten degrees at least beyond the Prenderley improvements."

"The telegraph," said Miss Cooper.

"I was forgetting that. This morning, Dr. Price was over at Busterly railway station, seeing the station-master, who has got lumbago, from standing out on platforms continually, and he saw—I mean the doctor, not the station-master—one of Mr. Herbert's servants walking a horse up and down, so he asked him if his master was expected; but the man said 'No,' he had been desired to come there, and wait for a telegraphic message his master was to send that day, and to take it where the address directed. Dr. Price had to leave before the message came, but by good fortune I was just passing the gate of the cottage a little while ago, and saw the man ride up with the letter; and determining not to be daunted in my search for knowledge, I ran on, and waited for the man up the road, and putting on a bold face, as if I knew all about it, said, 'White, has your master left London, yet?' and the answer I got was, 'Yes, ma'am, he is in Paris; the message was from there.' So now, you see,

there is no doubt at all about the matter. Confess honestly—had you no suspicions?"

"No matter what we might have suspected—that would not make out the case you have done; but Mrs. Selwyn has never mentioned a single word of any engagement to us, nor have we any information beyond what you have just given."

"There is many a mistake made in society then; for it is generally said throughout the country that you all have made the match."

What a short time the country had taken to hear and judge the case!

"And what is more," said Miss Cooper—"I never disguise the truth, ma'am, no matter how unpleasant, for truth is truth—people have also said that old Mr. Herbert will not thank you for what you have done."

"I have done nothing that I know of," said the bewildered lady.

"That depends on opinion. Mine, I honestly tell you, is, that you brought both of them a great deal too much here; that is how the thing came about. Others say it as well as me, and there must be some truth in what everybody says."

Miss Jones looked rather dubious how such candor might be taken, for in her heart she was rather afraid of Mrs. Wyndham; so she began making signs to Miss Cooper to rise, which being disregarded, she took the move upon herself, and began bidding "good morning." Mrs. Wyndham made no reply; indeed there was scarcely room, for Miss Cooper was going on to say she could now account for Mrs. Selwyn's treatment of her brother, when she had such a prize in view.

It was true in a measure, not that Mrs. Selwyn had really planned such a marriage; but it was true that her rejection of Mr. Cooper was the true secret of his sister's spitefulness, so largely developed now; and it brought her to give full particulars of the past to Miss Jones—of what had been hitherto confined to their own family.

After they went away, Margaret lingered in the drawing-room, collecting some music to take up stairs. Thither, after some minutes, she followed Frances, who had returned to her former occupation—viz., packing. Margaret found her sitting on the lid of a closed trunk, in a reverie, gazing idly through the window at the clouds passing by. Margaret laid her hands upon her shoulders—

"What now, sister mine?"

"I am weary of my life because of the daughters of the children of Heth—that is to say, the women of Landeris. The truth is, Margaret, I want patience."

"Are you in the case that Rebekah misrepresented herself as in—chaffing at the Jacobs who will take wives from among the women of the place?"

"Something of that, I believe."

"Take example by me. Look at me. Is there a line of my face moved from where it has lain for months?"

Frances looked, at first sorrowfully, at the heavy eyes she had been lately watching day by day so tenderly, but finally broke into a laugh as Margaret stooped down and divested her of the bow of pink ribbon.

"It did no good after all—because I borrowed it, perhaps."

"I think not; and as certainly as this ribbon, of which I am the proprietor, will fail to quell Miss Jones, so certain it is that nothing she can say will cloud me, while I enjoy the proprietorship of such a father, and mother, and sisters. So jump up, and help me to lift this box."

Frances got up cheerfully, believing Margaret's assumed indifference real, quite rejoiced to see how well she had borne the disagreeable remarks of their visitors. A few minutes afterwards, Mrs. Wyndham put in her head.

"Are you too busy to talk?"

"No; I have never seen such an occasion with you and us, mamma," said Margaret clearing a chair.

"I think," said mamma, when she was seated, "Mrs. Selwyn might have done us the courtesy to mention, even confidentially, her intended change of state, considering we have all tried to be her friends as much as possible, ever since we came here."

"It is the only sign of grace I see about her," said Frances, in a gruff way, "that she had not the face to do it."

"She is a nervous soul," said Margaret, "and I do not know how she could ever bring herself to tell it. Perhaps she is waiting for us to congratulate her, and open the subject."

"She may wait some time for it, from me," said her mother. "I am going to turn hermit while you two are away. I am going to work my large group of roses; and I mean to keep the frame here, just in this corner of

the window, and the servants will never suspect me of being in the house, so I shall miss the visitors; nor will I have any gentlemen to tea—married, single, or engaged."

"That does not include ladies, I presume," said Frances.

"Very nearly. Mrs. Selwyn will be too busy with her *trousseau*."

"Ahem!" said Frances.

"I know, Frances, what mamma will be doing," said Margaret. "She will be coaxing the Miss Joneses to come for tea: see if she does not; and then, you know, she can let them have some of our letters to read."

"No, indeed!" said Mrs. Wyndham, in high indignation. "I hope I have more sense. Disagreeable women that they are, it never gives me any pleasure to meet them! Show your letters, indeed!"

"Mrs. Holmdon and Annette"—so wrote Mrs. Wyndham to her daughters, some weeks after—"are gone to Conway, to make a long stay. I had a note from Annette excusing herself for not having called to bid me good-bye, saying she had been too hurried to do so. I fancy she is anxious to be gone before the wedding. Mrs. Burleigh asked her, I know; but they had a note from her, saying her grandmother required sea-air change immediately, and she must, of course, be always with her. I did not neglect the parting injunction Frances gave me, to show her any kindness I could; but you both know how impracticable her late manner makes it to be even friendly with her. The old lady looked poorly the last day I saw her. Mr. Herbert, I am told, came home to day; but we have not seen him. I am going to take the children with me for a long day's shopping at Plimton to-morrow, and so will be out of the way, should he call. Of Mrs. Selwyn I know very little. She was spending last week at Plimton, the only time I called at her house since you left. Of course, report says she was making use of her opportunity to lay in dresses of all kinds; but be report true or false, it is a very natural proceeding, if her marriage is to be as soon as people say. She evidently avoids me when we do meet, and it is always old Kitty who comes for Nannie. I had a letter from your Aunt Mary wishing Margaret to go to her as soon as possible, for the doctors have ordered Jane to the sea as soon as the weather becomes mild enough, and the

family will be so broken up then. Margaret could take Mrs. Ribson on her way back, if she chose to accept that invitation. She should also arrange with your cousin Mary Celbridge, if she see her, and if not, write to her, about coming back with you when you come home."

A second letter said: "Two days after I wrote, Mr. Herbert had a telegraphic message, which obliged him to start at once for

Paris, which he did, first writing your papa a rather odd note about being desirous of seeing him particularly, but being obliged to defer it till his return; with a polite message to me, and a request to be remembered to you two when we wrote. I suppose he wishes to speak to your papa about 'tying the knot,' number two as it is for both parties. That is my conjecture."

CHAPTER XXVI.—SUNLIGHT THROUGH THE MIST.

"My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past;
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary."

"Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining.
My fate is the common fate of all;
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

"There is a silver lining to every cloud."

IRISH PROVERB.

MARGARET went to Yorkshire. Any change in her habits, she fancied, would be beneficial to her weary heart; and why not to Yorkshire as well as to any other place? She was not sorry to go from under the surveillance of her sister's watchful eyes, that never left her one minute's leisure to indulge in a morbid reverie—not even one look back on the past months. And was Margaret come to this—vigorous-minded, sunny Margaret longing for what she had often and often in her life helped others to overcome? had striven to create some new interest in life for those who had long centred all their own on some one subject? She was almost come to that also. But let it not be thought she was morbidly or sinfully pining: not so, for every struggle that a high-minded woman is capable of she had made; but she felt as if, before the new path could be firmly trodden all the old tracks must be one by one laid aside—looked at and put away. For this she longed to be alone, at least for some nights; for then it is one best makes up the day's or life's account. As George Herbert has it—

"Sum up at night what thou hast done by day,
And in the morning what thou hast to do;
Dress and undress thy soul—mark the decay
And growth of it."

So, on the whole, the visit to her aunt's had been productive of good results. She had, when alone, looked herself, her past, and her future, steadily in the face; and with the

thought of life's reality and earnestness, and that even these were for a higher goal, her good resolutions were firm, and likely to be well kept—not to be merely added to the "mosaic pavement." Before she had left her aunt's she had learned to think quite calmly on the lady neighbor they were to have at the Hall, and look at all the past, and her own share in it, as but one figure in some old dream-life, that she could regard as but a shadow; and she looked forward cheerfully to her return to Ousely, anxious to test her new strength in her sister's society.

"The sun was risen upon the earth" when Margaret left her Aunt Hoare's for a friend's house, where she was to spend a few days, on her way back to Ousely. Her uncle put her into the carriage, bowed his last smile, and she was whirled away. The only occupant of the carriage besides herself was an elderly lady, who, before they had gone many miles, had communicated to Margaret all the fears she had of travelling by rail, the rarity of her doing so, the occasion of it; with a catalogue of the various accidents all possible or probable to occur. This over, and having nothing more to say, she relapsed into silence, and Margaret looked out of the window, when there were no banks intercepting, at the fine dales-country they were passing through—rather liking than fearing the change of sights their rapid progress brought, but which only threw the old lady into additional tremor. The sun, as it will towards noon, threw long tracks of shadow from the engine-smoke on the banks beside the line, forming fantastical images, bearing resemblance to a long procession of heterogeneous vehicles. Each puff, according to the size, seemed to be one, and the quick motion carried the looker-on away before the smoke-crowd vanished into thin air:—carriages, phaetons, pony-carriages, one-horse chaises, two-horse chaises mail-phaetons, dog-

carts, drags, without order and without number, till the eye grew weary from the very variety.

At Wakefield the train stopped, and with the cessation of the noise, the old lady started afresh with the history of many personal grievances. Half-an-hour elapsed, and the train was still standing motionless. Both ladies grew tired, and began to wish the stopping-time over. Margaret put out her head; but, except some more heads protruded like her own, and some gentlemen walking up and down, she saw no one of whom inquiries of the cause of delay could be made. A quarter-of-an-hour of waiting longer, until she was able to hail a passing porter. "There has been a bad accident, ma'am about ten miles down the line: a goods train has run into a passenger one about two hours ago, and the engines, with all the spare hands, are gone down. We got a telegraph message, and until we hear more—till the engine for this train returns—you cannot start." There was no avoiding giving the truth to her fellow-traveller, no matter how she might be affected by the fulfilment of the prognostications she had been making in a general way ever since they started. With this idea in her mind, she was not disinclined to postpone her communication, by the pretence of prolonging her conversation with the porter, and still keeping her head out of the window, when a party of gentlemen, who were beguiling their delay by walking up and down together, came in sight. Margaret drew in her head, but not before she was seen and recognized by one, who sprang forward.

"Margaret—Miss Wyndham—how glad I am!"

"I did not expect to meet you here, Mr. Herbert."

"Probably not. Are you returning to Ousely?"

"I am not for a few days more; after that, I hope."

"I was going in the other direction, but, like you, am detained. Are you not tired sitting there? You have been nearly an hour. Several ladies have tried the waiting-room: will you? There is more to be seen from the windows there than here."

He opened the door, but Margaret's descent was suddenly impeded by the old lady, who caught her arm.

"What is it? what is it? Oh, tell me!"

Margaret explained in a few words.

"But you will not leave me alone? I will be run into next."

Mr. Herbert gave her the same counsel he had given Margaret, which she gladly followed, and taking his arm, was safely deposited upon a chair in the waiting-room. It was so full, there was no seat for Margaret, so she contentedly took her stand by the old lady's—feeling that, though five hours before she had never seen her, fellow-suffering made her almost like a friend. Mr. Herbert saw her uncomfortable position, and made his way through the throng to her.

"Are you obliged to remain with your matron? You will be very tired, if you are not so already."

Margaret explained how they had first met in the morning.

"In that case, you might as well come out on the platform a little with me. I have so much to say to you."

Margaret declined in a way that made him think it was on the score of propriety. The truth was, it was against the new rule. She could not trust herself. Still he urged her.

"Indeed, if I thought it wrong, I would not ask you."

So every objection had been overruled; and Margaret, against her better judgment, went out with him. One long turn was taken, without one word being spoken by either. "This was of his own seeking," Margaret said to herself; "let him act it out."

"Oh, Miss Wyndham," he said at length, in an impulsive way, "I have come so far, and not to hear one word from you. I had thought that what gave me such pleasure might have moved you to say, even you were glad I had done so. Do you not know, that I would rather have one such word from you, than hear all the bells that will be rung in Landeris?"

She tried to hide how she trembled from head to foot.

"Mr. Herbert—" That was all she could say.

"You have not even asked if he was come; you do not care. And I left him in London, that I have not seen for six long years, to come and tell you."

"Who?" Margaret gasped.

"John, my only brother." Her inquiring

look surprised him more and more every minute. "Do you not know? Did Mrs. Selwyn never tell you?"

If there had not lived one spark of womanly pride within her, that woman's name would have kindled a flame; but, as it was, it came in time to give her power to answer calmly.

"I do not understand you, Mr. Herbert."

"Is it wilfully you torture me thus? O Margaret!"

"No, no; it is not."

"Is it possible Anne has never told you that my brother is come from India to marry her? Why did she not?"

"She never mentioned the subject to me, and—"

"Just like her. I little thought I had all that to explain. Long before John went abroad, there were boy and girl love-passages between them; but my father thought John too young, and sent him abroad. No matter about the interim; but for nine months I have been ceaselessly occupied with endeavors to get him home. It was a task I undertook from the love I always had for him, and I determined that nothing should come between me and his weal; and I have lived but for that these many months. I have gone week after week to London, to arrange for his leave of absence; twice I had fruitless journeys to Paris, expecting to meet him there *en route*; the third time only have I been successful. He brings home papers, which to-day he must present in person at the East India House; to-morrow we meet to go home; and I have but one wish—that you were with us. I may think of myself with a clear conscience now; and oh, dear Margaret, let me say of you also. The last time I was at home, you cannot think how bitter was my disappointment to find you away, and I could not go back without having seen you; and this I was on my way to accomplish, hoping to be back in time to meet John to-morrow, when we met providentially, or I might not have seen you for a long time. I have had long enough of that already. If you knew how every day of the past year has been marked by my love for you, increasing more and more, you would say—"

I think we have said enough. An hour after, the train was ready, and both were astonished at the expedition of the officials, and at what made the poor old lady in the wait-

ing-room call it tiresome, and grumble so. Mr. Herbert ran for his ticket, and helping both ladies to their carriage, took his seat beside them, and in ten minutes the ever-memorable Wakefield lay miles behind them.

"Tell me one thing—have you heard much Landeris gossip lately?"

"Not since we left."

"Perhaps you heard some before you left? Ah! exactly. That accounts for your cool reception of me. That silly Annie, she bound me over to secrecy, which I religiously observed. I wish she had not, although reminding me of having once kept affairs of mine secret. You know what I mean. Of course I could not refuse, never dreaming she would have any thing of the kind secret from you, having all been so more than kind to her. I do believe she could not command her blushes to tell her story. Of all the mischief I ever heard made by women talking, it is the first I ever knew nearly made by one not doing so; and all the time, although perfectly aware of village gossip, I rested in such security, thinking, of course, you knew the whole truth."

"Never mind; it is not past reparation."

"It might have been, though. Do you know, I had such a horrid dream last night, that you had some dreadful cousin up in the north, where you have been, as Frances has; and between regular dream-confusion of not knowing whether I was myself or Sir Stephen Norris, and the disappointment and rage at the cousin, I was most thankful to awake again."

"Do not be afraid of the cousin. Non-existing, that is all."

"Thank God. Now, will you not come back soon? Look how long a journey I took to see you; you are expected to return my civility. But, seriously, I will be quite impatient to show you to John, and John to you; so you will be pleased not to linger very long at Ousely. I daresay they will be married soon, for I have the settlements almost ready. That was no light part of my labor, I can tell you, and the tale-carriers have it that the lady is equally forward in her preparations. I am so happy, that I daresay in time I shall come to forgive her. I know you have done so already; but I am sure in John's hands she will be a much more estimable woman than she ever had a chance of being with that abominable old husband she

had. It was a sin to marry her to such a man; she a fair, blooming creature, and he like Cousin Amy's husband in *Locksley Hall*. How John used to rave about that in his letters; for Amy he would read Annie, and work himself up to a most dreadful frenzy. She never had enough of character to please me. I do not care for the 'Dora Copperfield' school; nor did I think she was the wife for John either; but when I came home, and saw how association with you had brought her out, I yielded to John's ceaseless solicitations, that I would try and find out what his fate would be if he came home, and after many a wary sounding, I got sufficient to write him pretty encouragingly, and he wrote to her himself by the next mail. Do you remember one evening she and I were leaving the Rectory, when Nannie kicked up a row, and made me carry her home?" (Margaret remembered.) "That was the occasion on which I wrung, not acquiescence, but a little giving in to all I urged, upon which I grounded my sentiments in the next letter. From that day I had only to woo East India directors and lawyers over to my way of thinking—quite enough, you would say, if you knew all I underwent in such a pursuit—and after that I had my own reward in—Margaret Wyndham." The train was slackening its pace. "Now, to-morrow night we will have all the bonfires, and bell-ringing, and drawing home; very good practice for the tenantry for what is to come, by and by. I wish you were at home; it would be so pleasant to think of running over the stepping-stones as often as one liked, when the fuss subsided a little. Ah, Margaret! we have been on a stepping-stone to-day. Those poor wounded people, it will be a sad one for them. I am sure we are very thankful for our own happiness, dear Margaret. The morning after we arrive, I presume John will present himself at the cottage; and as I will not think it necessary to go with him to introduce him, I shall run over and see your father and mother, and get absolution for the sins which amiable Miss Jones has put upon me. I daresay you would prefer not writing home till I am there. I will write to you at Ousely."

"Mr. Ribson's carriage for Miss Wyndham."

Mr. Herbert assisted her in, said good-bye, and shouting more last words, reached his own seat just in time not to be left behind.

He had still the old lady for company, and had promised Margaret to look after her. Poor body, she had not recovered the fright and weariness of Wakefield; and certainly the very social companions she had had did not contribute much sympathy towards her nervousness.

Before Margaret went to bed, tired all as she was, she wrote a long and happy letter to Frances, which occasioned the receiver very little less joy than its contents did the writer; and when Margaret laid her head on her pillow, she was almost too glad to sleep.

Not many days elapsed ere Margaret followed her letter to Ousely, and shortly afterwards, accompanied by her sister and cousin, set out for home. They were not in time for the Norris wedding, but still they come in for all the visiting and company consequent on the happy couple's arrival at their temporary home, Prenderley, and to see all the London purchases Mrs. Norris had made in their pristine freshness, which many of their acquaintances told them they ought to be thankful for. "Well enough," as Frances said, "if we had nothing in the world to think of besides; but, considering we never cared much at any time for what these people did, we are not likely, when we have so much that is delightful to think of now, to give them much of our attention."

Mrs. Selwyn had pleaded for forgiveness in a most heartrending manner, and the olive branch flourished as freely as possible among the fair sisterhood and their betrothed ones.

"Mrs. Wyndham," said Mr. Herbert, coming in one morning with his brother and sister-in-law elect, "we have brought a case for your decision. Come, children, state it."

Both looked at each other and laughed.

"What a silly pair you are! is it left for me? Well, Mrs. Wyndham, this brother of mine finds it essential to his happiness, to spend every morning and afternoon at the cottage, and to return after taking an hour's interval (just what my laborers have for their dinner), and then coming back for tea. To this my fair sister there objects; says she will permit visits at certain intervals and of certain duration—Miss Jones, you understand, and that style of person, being supposed to object; and in the absence of unanimity on the part of those concerned, to say nothing of thorough ignorance on mine, we lay this matter at the feet of your tribunal."

"How am I to give judgment without offending any one?" said Mrs. Wyndham, after a moment's consideration.

"Your own conviction," said Mr. Herbert.

"I knew she would agree with me," said the bride-elect.

"You do not know any thing of the kind," said her intended.

"Hear my proposal for an accommodation:—It is, that the lady concerned, Mrs. Selwyn, do move herself and such goods and chattels as may be considered requisite, to this house, where she shall remain until such time as Mr. John Herbert do betake himself to the metropolis for transaction of business; by which means I do hereby promise to countenance—"

"God save the Queen!" said the impulsive John. "Thank you, Mrs. Wyndham. We will be back in an hour. Come, Annie."

"To-morrow, then, Mrs. Wyndham."

"To-day, if you please, Mrs. Selwyn."

"We are off for the chattels, good people, including Nannie, I suppose. *Au revoir*." And the light-hearted John bore off the unresisting lady.

The Rectory party were all, as usual, in the garden one morning. Mrs. Wyndham and the children gardening; the two Mr. Herberts were each with their liege lady invisible somewhere in near proximity to the river. The first to appear were Mr. Vernon Herbert and Margaret; they went over to where Mrs. Wyndham was working, and Margaret said—

"Mamma, your advice is wanted on a weighty point."

"I will go with you, my dear; let us take the garden-chair."

A quarter of an hour passed in close conversation, when Mr. John Herbert and Mrs. Selwyn were descried in the distance. Mr. Herbert hailed them—"Holloa, John."

"Speak out," said John, not quickening his pace.

"Come here, will you, and quickly."

"I never hurry a lady," was John's cool reply, as he approached.

"Which rule you carry out conscientiously in every respect, times and seasons included," said his brother, rising to give Mrs. Selwyn his seat on the chair. "We wanted Annie as much as you. The matter is, Annie, John and I are going to perpetrate a monster dinner party."

"I told her; so you need not be afraid of

her falling insensible at your feet from the sudden shock of such intelligence. If you have any thing more interesting to tell, you had better go on to that."

"You are like a bear to-day, John, you are so cross. What do you say, Annie?"

"I do not advise it, for my part," with a shake of the head.

"Nor I," said Margaret.

"That is what I call hard of you two," said Mr. John; "it is just that they think we cannot do it, Vernon, and I would enjoy showing off before them; so, no matter what you do, I am determined to have a dinner myself. 'Mr. John Herbert requests the pleasure,' won't that set a few tongues a-wagging?"

"You would deserve treatment like that which Harry and Laura in *Holiday House* got, if you did so."

"Success!" cried John. "Here is Miss Wyndham coming over to our side."

"Do not think I oppose you both pleasing yourselves; but all I said was, I would not go."

"Fiddle-de-dee! We cannot do without you, so come you must. Besides, Annie cannot go if you do not."

"That is right," said his brother. "Tell the truth, and put some one that shall be nameless to the blush, John. But seriously, Margaret, will you come? I do not want to urge you beyond what you think strongly; but, if you do not, it will make the whole difference to me in respect of both courage to go through it well, and real pleasure."

"Will you let me go in the evening?"

"No," said John, indignantly. "I am your host, and to dinner you shall come, for I say it. But we are going to have quite a pleasant party, too. First, we will ask the essentials, and then, as long as a chair can be squeezed in at the table, we will fill up with pleasant people, who will talk plenty and keep up a good current of conversation."

"There is no one I know equal to Miss Jones for that," said Margaret mischievously.

The gentlemen held up their hands deprecatingly. Annie laughed.

"No such vermin," said the violent Mr. John. "Come, Vernon, you promised to make out a list when you came over. Here, begin:—Annie and me."

"Essentials first, of course," said Mr. Herbert, taking out his pocket-book and writing

—'Annie and me.' Then, John, if I take Annie, I daresay you mean to take the bride."

"No, stupid. Will some one be good enough to let me have a pencil, and I will draw it up myself in five minutes?"

"Had you not better begin with Mr. and Mrs. Norris?" said Mrs. Wyndham.

"Two; Dr. and Mrs. Wyndham, the Miss Wyndhams, and Miss Celbridge, and Mrs. Selwyn, eight; and ourselves two, ten. These are all essentials."

"Now for the pleasant people," said Margaret.

"These are the pleasant people, though,"

"I beg your pardon; I thought you were beginning with the dull essentials."

"So you were. Who is stupid now, Mr. John? Mrs. Wyndham, will you please suggest?"

"Mr., Mrs., Miss, and Mr. Henry Burleigh."

"They are vulgar horrors; we won't have them," said John.

"You must include the bride's family when you can, if you wish to compliment her."

"True. We are at sixteen now. Here are Frances and Mary, just in time for the council of war."

"What are you all about? Are we *de trop*?"

"Far from it. You will be quite an acquisition." And he related curtly what they were talking of.

"Oh, how delightful! Is it not, Mary? You and I will have such fun, watching Annie and Margaret—the fidget they will be in all evening, for fear any thing should go wrong!"

"Yes," said Mary; "and thinking, most probably, 'of course they are doing their best, poor men; but by and by we will show what can be done when a lady is at the helm.'"

"No such thing, Miss Celbridge," said one of the accused.

"It will only be truth," sighed Mr. Herbert.

"No, I promise you," said John. "I will see that we keep the ball, social and—and—what shall I say—convivial?—going."

"Not exactly convivial, as it is now used," said his brother.

"No matter, I mean to astonish the rustics some how. Vernon, if you do not have a *chef* for the culinary department, I shall go crazy looking at that old Collins."

"I was greatly amused at Mrs. Burleigh the other day," said Mary, "saying she never knew a happy moment from the time they went into the dining-room until grace was said—of which she never heard one word—and until the first cover came off, till she saw how the viands looked; and that her spirits rose as each course disappeared, until grace was said again, when she always said 'Amen,' with deep thankfulness."

"That is a Martha for you. But I do not mean to cumber myself with those cares: I have more sense. But I am going to come out as very eccentric, and keep every one in amazement."

"And Annie too," suggested Margaret.

"Frances," said Mary, "you and I will enjoy ourselves watching the fright these two women will be in."

"Boys and frogs," said Margaret: "fun to you, but death to us."

"Nothing so tragical, I hope. Come, Vernon, make up the list."

"One thing I have to say," said Frances: "Give Mary and me pleasant partners; for the idea of going through an entire ceremonious feast with some old Sir Colin Fletcher, or some one like the man in the Spanish chair who whistled—Mr. Armstrong, I believe—would be intolerable."

"Be civil," said her brother-in-law elect, "if you are serious."

"General and Mr. Duckett," was next written.

"Will you have the General, Frances?"

"No; we always fight. He will do for Margaret."

"His son?"

"No; give him to Mary. She has drawn him out before now."

Mr. Herbert glanced suspiciously at Mary, and then went on with his list, which in due time was completed, and the gentlemen went home to write the invitations.

CHAPTER XXVII.—CALLED "SOCIETY."

"But 'twas a public feast, and public day—
Quite full, right dull, guests hot, and dishes
cold:

Great plenty, much formality, small cheer,
And everybody out of their own sphere.

"The circle smiled, then whisper'd, and then
sneer'd:

The misses bridled, and the matrons frown'd,
Some hoped things might not turn out as they
fear'd;

Some would not deem such women could
be found;

Some ne'er believed one-half of what they
heard;

Some look'd perplex'd, and others look'd
profound;

And several pitied, with sincere regret,
Poor Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet."

BYRON.

"It never occurred to me before," said Mr. Herbert, the morning of the projected dinner-party, "to ask how ladies amuse themselves after they leave the dining-room. John and I have been wondering if, in the absence of a hostess, any previous preparations are required to be made by us for their amusement. My old housekeeper says 'coffee;' but surely you do not go on like the Turkish ladies incessantly for upwards of an hour?"

"You have nothing to do with it," said Margaret. "The married ladies all group together, and talk of their children and servants, cooks' enormities, and that species of trial; and the young ones look at the animals, titter together, and talk of balls, partners, travels, music, or dress, as the various tastes suggest; and any one who does not care about keeping music in reserve for the gentlemen gives a few tame waltzes, or one of Mrs. Norton's songs, which are not calculated to draw the nerves to a dangerous tension; and so they all 'simmer' as it were, till the gentlemen begin to arrive, and the company boil."

"That is very consolatory. I have only one thing to beg: do not you be the one to give the tame waltzes—it would be just like you to be accommodating the Miss Beckfords by filling up the want—for I like much better to hear you play when I am present, and not to be wasting it on some people who have a very moderate care about the matter."

"I do not think the waltzes will be required," said Frances, "or if they are I will substitute for them 'Juanita,' which will be quite sufficiently deficient in sense and novelty not to injure by the force of contrast

those who will sing after me; but, from what I have heard, neither will be required."

"Why?" said Margaret.

"Because Mary and I heard this morning that a party of very adventurous ladies are going to make a tour of the house, as they are very desirous to see what improvements have been lately made. So look out, gentlemen, for what you have to expect."

Mr. Herbert groaned. "The delights of bachelor hospitality!"

"I suppose," said Mary, "the extent they can explore will be an infinity of bedrooms and dressing-rooms."

"More than that; there is my own sanctum, all strewn with papers I got from London yesterday, and if they read on them 'Margaret Wyndham, spinster,' they would know more than the said Margaret wishes they should."

"Lock the door," said Frances.

"Then there is the little boudoir on the south side, filled with bales of the new furniture; and the piano unpacked is a most conspicuous object."

"Leave that open," said Frances; "it will do them all good to speculate on the probable occupant."

Mr. Herbert shook his head, but he locked both doors.

"John is quite disconsolate. Annie has insisted that he shall give up the scheme of acting the eccentric. I think she is right, for indeed in his ordinary mood he has quite enough of it to astonish most civilized people. He has gone after her to the cottage, to see if he can bring her round."

"I do not think he will. To tell the truth, though you need not tell him, I am at the bottom of it. I thought how unpleasant it would be to me, to see you doing any thing of the kind."

"You are always right, Margaret."

"Really," said Augusta Beckford to her sister, as they sat in a dressing-room up-stairs, the evening of the Hall dinner-party, during that dreary interval, as it always proved to them, after they left the dining-room—"really the world is becoming more absurd every day, and the people in it as well. I do not see why those Wyndhams are to be singled out for attentions in every company in the way they are, and things have reached a climax

to-day. Sir Edward Clare was standing talking to me before dinner, and I saw Mr. Herbert crossing the room. Of course I thought it was to tell Sir Edward he was to take me to dinner, for I saw him giving each gentleman directions who he was to take; but you may imagine something of what I felt, when I heard him say, 'Sir Edward, I put Miss Wyndham under your care this evening'—is that right? And the senseless *impressment* with which Sir Edward answered, 'Thank you, Herbert; you could not do more.' And the self-satisfied smile they both gave, as much as to say, 'What a boon Providence has sent us!' It is intolerable, and I *will* not suffer them to be put over our heads in that kind of way. I am determined to put an end to it."

"And so we ought. We will require to take care, through the evening, that we do not allow them to monopolize the gentlemen as they did at dinner, or we shall cut but a sorry figure. Mr. Herbert requires a wife who will put an end to this reversion of the natural order of society. I never in all my life saw a worse arrangement. If it had been Robinson Crusoe giving a dinner, he could not have shown more ignorance of the laws of precedence. I can understand General Duckett being sent with Mrs. Selwyn. She will very soon be Mrs. John Herbert, so that was not so bad; but why John Herbert should take Mrs. Wyndham, or Henry Duckett be appropriated by that great, white, lumpy cousin, is beyond my comprehension. How did you get on with Sir Stephen?"

"Much as usual. You know I have plenty of conversation, which I used abundantly, or else I might have thought him more stupid than usual. I am not sure, Julia, but we might do worse than settle at Prenderley, either of us. The house is very handsome; and now that Mrs. Norris being there throws it open, I confess that with *our* taste we might make it a very presentable affair. As to the master, why, he has a title; and we could make an annual trip to London and Paris, and brush off his rustic, antiquated notions, which would make quite a new man of him."

"I suppose you are right; but to confess the truth, I always looked for something more brilliant for us. But with one of us here at the Hall, which might be, and one at Prenderley, we might lead the county."

"Quite so, as indeed we ought. If we had

a father and mother with any spirit, it would not be left for us to keep our heads above the *canaille* by the constant efforts we have. I cannot even think of the Wyndhams with common patience."

"Nor I; but perhaps we ought to go down; the gentlemen may be coming in. Eat another lozenge; the drawing-room is so long a room, it will require a good deal of voice to fill it."

Sir Edward Clare, of all the assembled company except Mrs. Selwyn, knew of the engagement between Margaret Wyndham and their host; and a fine fund of amusement he expected to have, tormenting the young lady, through the evening. So he sat by her at once on coming in, waiting for an opportunity. It soon came. Mr. Herbert crossed the room.

"Who is the proper person for me to ask first for music?" he said to Margaret, looking quite puzzled.

"Margaret, of course," said Sir Edward, mischievously.

"No!" said the host, with strong disapprobation.

"Ask Lady Clare," said Margaret, glancing round; "she is very kind."

Lady Clare was both willing and able; but when she had sung, Mr. Herbert was over again.

"Please do not come over again to ask me. People are so observant. Leave no one out—that is all. Yes—Miss Beckford."

But Miss Beckford had observed all that had passed, and deeming that Margaret was one who, like herself, had a motive for all she did, determined to baffle her; and declared one note she would not sing until after Miss Wyndham.

John Herbert went over for Margaret, and greatly to the relief of her intended, she came quite obligingly at once. Sir Edward followed her in. Mr. Herbert took his station at the chimney-piece to hear and enjoy the voice so dear to him. Margaret had taken her seat, when suddenly, like an arrow from a bow, Florence darted up to her papa from the farthest part of the room, where she had been receiving a goodly portion of flattery and caresses.

"Papa, did you say I was to have a governess, who would keep me always at home, and take away my bridge, and never let me go to the Rectory?"

"Hush, hush, Florence; Margaret is going to sing," he whispered; but Florence was in a passion of tears. "Be quiet, like a good child, and you shall have cake presently."

"I do not want cake, but I won't have a governess," she said, stamping her foot. "Linda Simpson said one day they were hateful things."

Mr. Herbert bribed and coaxed all in vain. He knew a word or two from Margaret could still her; but he could not ask it then, and Florence screamed the louder. John Herbert saw the dilemma, and, stepping forward, lifted the little lady; and before she knew she was taken out by a side-door and carried out of hearing. He returned in time to hear Margaret's song, which she judiciously commenced at once, to draw off public attention from the late scene. But she had no heart for the song, thinking how distressed Mr. Herbert would be, and wondering what she could say to console him. No wonder the singing was unlike her usual style. Even Sir Edward Clare remarked it, saying—

"Do not be foolish, Margaret. Of course you will remedy all this in time. Pooh! I have seen her much worse."

Margaret moved over towards Frances, to try if any explanation could be gained as to the cause of this outbreak. It was really beyond her imagination. Her cousin Mary, however, supplied the information, in a state of high indignation at some officious ladies, who, after cross-examining Florence on various points, such as her education, her liberty, &c., had decided among themselves that she was in a fair way of being spoiled and neglected from the want of proper care, which was in a measure true; and they were all of opinion that a governess should be sought for at once, who, among her other improvements, was to have the wooden bridge removed, and so prevent Miss Herbert using her liberty for the purpose of crossing half-a-dozen times a day to the dearly-loved Rectory, where her best and happiest hours were spent. They were so unguarded in their remarks, that the subject of them perfectly comprehended their drift, and, maddened by their remarks upon her darling papa, had horrified them by proclaiming them all before the assembled company. It is almost needless to say Mrs. Burleigh kept quiet the remainder of the evening.

Margaret had taken her seat beside Miss Beckford. Mrs. Norris and her sister were

singing, when a servant called John Herbert out of the room, and in a moment he returned, bringing Florence by the hand. They crossed over to Margaret. "Here, Miss Wyndham, is a young lady who has somewhat to say to you."

"I am very sorry," sobbed the child.

"So am I, Floy dear. Here, jump;" and she took her on her lap.

"They made me angry about papa, so they did, Miss Wyndham."

"Never mind it now; it is all over." Florence laid down her head, and remained very quiet a long time.

By and by Miss Beckford went to the piano, and Mr. Herbert took her seat. "Oh, Margaret!" were his only words, as he looked grieved at Florence.

"Guilty," she said, "but with extenuating circumstances. There was strong provocation. It would have roused a much tamer spirit, I believe."

"You know best; but I long more and more for the time when I shall have the right to ask you to interfere, so much might have been saved. It was a sad scene."

Margaret administered what consolation she could, and with good effect; for soon he and Florence started for the musical side of the room, the best of friends again.

"Papa," said the young lady presently, in a very audible voice, "you do something that is not fair; you do not allow me to say 'Margaret' to Miss Wyndham, and you say it yourself. Why is that?"

It was rather a home question, and made Sir Edward, and the few who knew the state of the case, laugh very heartily. Others could not comprehend it.

What songs the Miss Beckfords had toiled through! They had screamed, and shaken, and swelled, until a whole box of voice-lozengers would scarcely cure their exhausted voices; but as far as people could see, casually glancing at the company, no other effect had been produced.

"Come, Margaret," said her gay brother-in-law elect—"come, and you and I will have one affecting duet before we part; if nothing else comes out of it, why people can say Annie is jealous. Annie," he said, as he passed her, "you have no objection to me proposing to Mar—Miss Wyndham?"

He changed her cognomen, on seeing several people had turned their heads to listen.

"None in the world," she answered gaily.

"What shall it be?" said Margaret.

"Hunting Tower; nothing less."

The earnest, pathetic voice of Margaret, when she sung,—

"Oh! marry me yersel, Jamie,
Oh! marry me yersel, laddie."

and turned to the gay "laddie" beside her, made Julia Beckford turn to her sister and say—

"I never saw such boldness in my life."

But when "Jamie" placed his hand on his heart, and said—

"Hunting Tower and Ballingower,
And all that's mine is thine, Jeanie,"

even the final verse, sung together, had no power to add more disgust to what these guileless-minded young ladies thought of this reprehensible conduct in Margaret; and much could be gathered from the expressive words which dropped as if out of their sentences. "You—I—here—see—stop—child—girls—place—society." Much more might have been added, but the entrance of a servant bringing a note to Dr. Wyndham, and saying, "To be opened and read at once, if you please sir," drew off their attention from the daughter to the father. Dr. Wyndham read it, and crossed over to his host, who read it also, and rung the bell; Dr. Wyndham went over to his wife, "Elizabeth—"

But she anticipated his remark, saying, "Mrs. Holmdon?"

"How did you know?"

"Sir Stephen Norris has been telling me they were expected to day. Do they want any thing with you?"

"It is from Dr. Price; you can read it. She has come home in a dying state; he does not think she can survive the night, and has asked frequently for me. Do not sit up, for I may be detained. Leave the key of the shrubby-door on the sun-dial."

"The carriage is not here. How will you go?"

"Herbert is sending me. I will walk home."

"Margaret, was I not right about Sir Stephen?" said Frances. "Did you ever see a man apparently feel that news more keenly? He is perfectly livid. He is no more indifferent than you are to some one we know. What arose between those two, then, was the cause of his sudden *penchant* for me; and be it what it may, the old love is still warm there. Thank God, that it was not in my power to make such a mistake as that would have been. I wonder if another half-hour will finish up that most confidential discourse he and mamma have had. I would not be surprised if she were taken into his confidence. There is something about mamma that attracts all the wo-begone-lovers, far and near, to bring their sorrows to her. Why, they have finished at last, actually ended. I presume we are going home."

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE SILENT LAND.

"Thou who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight—
Health to the sick in mind
Light to the inly blind—
Oh! now, to all mankind,
Let there be light!"

"Like an emigrant he wander'd, seeking for the
Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone,
where he lies;

Dead he is not, but departed—for the Chris-
tian never dies." LONGFELLOW.

DR. WYNDHAM sprang out, as the carriage stopped at Mrs. Holmdon's door; Dr. Price opened it.

"I am very glad you are come, Dr. Wyndham; I am powerless here. Mrs. Holmdon is sleeping now, but her first words on awaking will be to ask for you. Can you wait?"

"Certainly."

They went into the parlor, and sat down by a small fire burning in the grate.

"Has not this been very sudden?"

"No, she has been failing for some months and only grew worse at Conway during the last few weeks. The dread of dying away from home made her attempt this journey, and it has hastened the end. She may last the night, but not much more; her strength is gone. I saw the carriage driving slowly up the street, and when I opened the door I thought she was dead, and carried her in, not thinking she would revive; but she did, half-an-hour after, and asked for you; then I sent."

"Thank you. Poor little thing!"

"Miss Holmdon?"

"Yes; she will be almost alone in the world."

Half-an-hour afterwards, Dr. Price stole up-stairs to see how the patient was; and a minute after, in the fire-light, Dr. Wyndham saw Annette standing before him holding out her hand.

"My dear child, I am so grieved for you. Dr. Price has been telling me of all your sorrow."

"Oh, Doctor Wyndham, it does seem so very hard to lose all one has in the world, and I see it must be so!"

"You would not wish to withhold her, Annette, from the home she has longed for so many years, to keep her in yours. What have you to offer her in comparison?"

"Nothing, nothing; I know that well; but—"

"Don't talk now, dear child; wait until you near her speak to me, and you will be glad to remember it hereafter."

They sat in silence some time: Annette, on a low stool, with her head resting against the pillar of the mantel-piece; Dr. Wyndham thinking deeply, as he sat in a large arm-chair, looking into the glowing coals. The door opened; it was the doctor.

"She is awake. I am going home, Miss Holmdon; I cannot be of any use to her now; but I will be back in an hour or two."

Dr. Wyndham followed Annette up-stairs to her grandmother's room. Poor lady, she looked more like one dead, supported by the pillows, with her white hands clasped over the bed-clothes. She knew Dr. Wyndham's step, and held out her hand.

"Dear friend, there will soon be light for me now. It is coming fast. I feel it."

"Yes," he said, "light where there will be no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine there; for the glory of God will lighten it, and the Lamb will be the light thereof."

She continued: "Where they that are saved shall walk in the light of it, whose names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life."

"Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light upon them, nor any heat; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

"Yes," she said, "that was what I wanted to hear. Go on."

"And there shall be no night there; and

they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever."

"For ever and ever I will have that light. Amen." After a pause in which she lay with closed eyes, she said, faintly, "Read."

Dr. Wyndham read in a low, distinct voice, part of the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians. When he stopped, there was for some moments no reply, only the moving of her lips showed her not to be asleep. Presently Dr. Wyndham spoke:—

"It is all peace?"

"The peace that passeth all understanding. In my Father's house are many mansions."

"Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory. Let us pray."

Annette came over and knelt down. Her grandmother knew it, and laid her hand on her head, with a silent as if comforting caress, and when it was over, said—

"Leave me, with Dr. Wyndham, darling, for a little. Dear friend, you have been my first and truest on earth. How much I owe you! How can I thank you?"

"Do you count it no privilege to stand here as I do, where I must myself come, and to thank God for having used me as a means?"

"I could trust you with all my earthly cares too. I have one."

"Annette?"

"Yes. I know she will be lonely when I am gone; but it is not that. Do you see her changed—you know, her face?"

"I see it very sorrowful and anxious for you."

"More than that. I have thought it for a long time; it began before she knew I was fading from her. She is not light of heart as she used to be. I have thought, too, who might have caused it. Do you understand me? I thought he was attached to her, and I fear she was to him. I would like to know before I go something of what separated them; there was something, I am sure. Can you tell me?"

Dr. Wyndham related in a few words all he knew of what had passed in his own family.

"Ah! I see it all over now. Thank you."

Before he left, Mrs. Holmdon said, "If I am here to-morrow, when you come to give me the Lord's Supper, I would like to see Mrs. Wyndham. If I asked her to be a friend to my poor child, I know she would

never lose sight of her while she lived, and think of her as a daughter of her own always."

"Indeed she would—we would."

He went home, took a few hours' rest, and then, with Mrs. Wyndham, drove down to the village. It was a sad scene; the dying lady seemed the calmest of all. After it was over, she and Mrs. Wyndham talked at intervals as she had strength; and then she gave Dr. Wyndham a few directions regarding what was to be done.

"You will find," she said, "in my desk the names and addresses of those to whom you will write. I have left all my house in order, I hope."

Mrs. Wyndham did not go away, but remained with Annette. Through the day a note was put into her hand from Dr. Wyndham, who was down stairs—

"Sir Stephen Norris is here with me. What is to be done?"

At the opening of the door, Mrs. Holmdon raised her head.

"What is it? I heard a carriage stop."

Mrs. Wyndham stooped over, and whispered—

"Sir Stephen is below. Can I take him any message?"

"I must see him. Raise me. Keep Annette away."

Mrs. Wyndham sought Annette, and told her a gentleman with Dr. Wyndham was with her grandmother. Annette was too weary and sick at heart to think; so she laid herself down on the drawing-room sofa, and waited patiently. In the meantime the gentleman came up. Mrs. Holmdon held out her hand. Sir Stephen, almost inarticulate from agitation, took it.

"You have something to ask me, Sir Stephen Norris."

"Oh, Mrs. Holmdon, I have been miserable, and acted very wrong and foolishly!"

"Don't mind that now," she said, gently; "my time is very short."

"For a long time I have only waited your return to ask for forgiveness, if it be not too late. I never thought it would be thus we should—" His words seemed to choke him.

"You have all I have to give. When the time is fitting you can ask the rest. My kind friends will tell you when the right time comes. She is my last charge on earth. You have chosen a solemn time to ask it.

See how you will strive to fulfil it, that when we all meet again you can show how well and tenderly you have kept it."

"So God help me to be all I ought! I shall never forget it, I humbly hope."

Mrs. Holmdon had fainted, from the exertion of speaking so earnestly, and Dr. Wyndham hurried away Sir Stephen, and sent Mrs. Wyndham in.

For many hours she wandered much, talking now of her dead daughter, then of a dead son, again of a little sister who died in childhood, and sometimes calling for Annette. So the day wore on—on till the evening, when the last beams of the setting sun were stealing through the closed blinds, and falling on a baby-picture of a child with golden curls hanging on the wall; falling on the foot of the bed, on which lay one on whom an earthly sun would never rise again; and falling on the young girl's head as she knelt by the bed. Brighter the beams fell, and the sick woman's lips moved. "Light, Light!" It was coming, brighter and faster—brighter than she had ever known it in her brightest days, as the world saw them—brighter than the watching friends could even fancy, though seeing the radiant countenance she wore passing away from her darkened life here—passing to the glorious eternity of rest, light, and peace, prepared for the children of God. It was over, all over, so peacefully, so quietly, that, but for the last smile on the face fading into a look of calm sweetness, they could not know she was then in the presence of God. And the sunbeams played on the wall and on the furniture as before, and the murmur of children's voices at play in the quiet street came to them as they knelt, and all the world went on its daily round as before: but far above all one ransomed soul had that day entered on everlasting peace, where the rich and poor rest together, and where the weary are at rest for evermore.

For several hours Annette lay stupified on the parlor sofa, from grief and exhaustion, insensible to all around her; her kind friend sitting beside her. It was now quite dark, and Mrs. Wyndham heard a carriage stop in the street. She went out, and in a few minutes returned.

"My dear Annette, it was her wish you should go home with me. The carriage is come for us."

No movement, or any sign of answer.

Mrs. Wyndham lifted her own shawl, and laid it over her. A gentleman came forward, and lifting her gently, carried her to the carriage. Mrs. Wyndham got in; Annette was laid beside her, with her head resting on her friend's shoulder; the door was shut, and they drove away. She thought it was Dr. Wyndham, but it was not till long afterwards she knew it was Sir Stephen Norris who had done it, having brought his own carriage for Mrs. Wyndham's use.

They drove to the Rectory, and this time it was Dr Wyndham who lifted the exhausted girl, and carried her into the library. Margaret only was there, for Mrs. Wyndham had waited purposely for a late hour, that every one else might have retired, not to grate on Annette's feelings with the sight of strange faces. Frances was glad to keep out of sight as long as it was possible, knowing what rational grounds of dislike Annette might have had for her. After some tea, they took her to bed, where, for several days she remained totally prostrated, through grief bearing on a frame naturally delicate, and quite worn out by the last few weeks' watching and anxiety. During this time they were all so tender and watchful of her, that she began at last to love them heartily, and to hate herself for her former feelings of dislike towards them.

Mrs. Selwyn, thinking the house was already too full, had taken Nannie home, and there was nothing to disturb the quiet of the little household—both Mr. Herbert and his brother being from home. Frances alone felt constrained in Annette's company, and longed for the time when Sir Stephen could come forward and put things on a pleasant footing between them. Annette's guardian arrived, with other relatives, for the funeral, and wished Annette to return with him; but finding her unable to be moved, he was glad of Mrs. Wyndham's offer to keep her until such time as he could return for her.

Mrs. Wyndham had still a task unfulfilled: she had promised Sir Stephen, Annette should not leave the neighborhood without having had her mind in some manner prepared for what he wished to lay before her; and long and weary seemed the days to him that still passed without Mrs. Wyndham being even able to tell him how she received Mrs. Wyndham's careful leaders. Miss Holmdon was still in such a dull, lethargic state, her friend deemed it useless to attempt to interest her

in casual conversation, which might lead to allusions, and in her weak state she dared not hazard any thing abrupt. At last one day a bright idea seized her, as she sat knitting by the sofa on which Annette lay. It was to confide to her the secret of both her daughters being betrothed, which she did, spinning a pretty story out of all the love-windings; and if she could for one moment have calculated on the effect produced, she would perhaps have tried it long before. Annette became quite animated, talking especially of Margaret, to whom she had become much attached; and a little time after, when Margaret came in, and was stooping down searching for something in a cabinet, her new friend astonished both ladies by rising, crossing the room, stooping over Margaret, and kissing her, saying—

"You do not know how much happiness I wish you, dear Margaret!"

Every thing was easier after this. It was some time after—Miss Holmdon's uncle had fixed a day, greatly to her own sorrow, for carrying her away; for she had come to love all their dear, kind ways better and better—that something came to pass.

Margaret had run down the garden to meet Mr. Herbert one morning.

"We are not expected within-doors to-day. Sir Stephen is come to hear his fate."

"Did Miss Holmdon expect him?"

"No, or I am sure she would have run away. We dare not tell her."

"Away in a train, I dare say, to have people running after her." Margaret laughed: that shot told. "Can you hazard a guess as to her reply?"

"It could be but a guess. She will not refuse him, but will answer indefinitely until some time longer after her grandmother's death: that is my guess. She leaves in two days."

"Where is Frances?"

"The West India Mail is in; she and Mary are invisible."

"You will have good news, I am sure. You know I have got Scotch second-sight; my great-grandmother was a Scotswoman."

"If Edward be in good health, it is all we can expect."

"Papa," said Florence, dashing up to him, "when will you tell me the new name for Miss Wyndham? You never have kept that

promise, and Margaret says we ought to keep our promises; it is not right to break them. She never breaks hers, I know that."

"I am half-inclined to tell her. May I, Margaret, dearest?"

"As you please. I suppose it will soon be known, and she should not hear it from a stranger. The servants would be sure to tell her. I will go out of hearing."

He laughed. "But, Florence, you cannot use it for a month."

"No matter; tell it. I like to hear it, and I will use it now."

He lifted her up, and whispered in her ear. Florence gave a scream of delight; and when he carried her to the seat where Margaret was, the little lady sprang from him, and throwing her arms round her neck said—

"You are a lovely, darling mamma, and I love you very much indeed; and now I am quite as rich as Nannie, and Rose, and Lucy."

Margaret's tears were silently flowing, and she kissed Florence very tenderly. Mr. Herbert had not thought how much poor, passionate, warm-hearted little Floy's words would have affected her, so he took her down, and sent her away to play.

Two or three minutes after, Johnson was seen coming for her charge.

Mr. Herbert got up, and went down to her.

"Oh, Johnson," said Florence, running to

her. "Miss Wyndham is to be my mamma: papa says it."

"Yes, Johnson, Miss Wyndham will be your mistress in a few weeks. I am sure I may depend on you for being one to welcome her and make her happy. You can tell your fellow-servants: I have mentioned it first to you."

Johnson came forward.

"Oh, Miss Wyndham, ma'am, many a day I have wished for this; and I am very happy at it, Miss Margaret, and wish you all joy, with all my heart, ma'am. You have been the making of Miss Herbert already. You may depend on me for my life in doing every thing for you in my power—only speak the word. And I am obliged to the master ma'am, for being so kind as to mention it to me. Thank you, sir."

Johnson curtsied, and, with Margaret's thanks, withdrew, glad and proud to be the one the master "sent the news" by.

"My poor dove," said Mr. Herbert, looking at Margaret's colorless face, "I had not half thought what this would bring upon you. It was very thoughtless of me. Now you are looking more like yourself. When you feel better, we will walk down to the river, and sit out of sight of any more scenes like those. What made me do it—against your better judgment, too?"

"Never mind; I am better now."

CHAPTER XXIX.—WHAT CURES ONE MAY KILL OTHERS.

"Wir fahren zu Berg, wir kommen wieder,
Wenn der Kuckuk ruft, wenn erwachen die
Lieder,
Wenn mit Blumen die Erde sich kleidet neu
Wenn die Brunnlein fließen im lieblichen
Mai."

SCHILLER.

"The West India Mail, did you say?"

"Yes; we hardly looked for it before to-morrow; it is unusually early."

"I do not mean to prophecy any thing this time, in the way of good news; my last did not come to pass."

"I never expected any thing unusual. Did you?"

"I thought, Miss Pearl, you had more respect for my opinion than to scorn it so utterly. I see by your face you did."

"To tell the truth, I thought you were merely giving utterance to a wish."

"Very likely I was."

"What time do you go to-morrow?"

"Very early. Look towards your window; I am sure that handkerchief is waving to attract your attention. I will wait if you go in and see. I am sure you are wanted."

This conversation took place in the garden, where Mr. Herbert sauntered about, while Margaret went into the house. She was met at the head of the stairs by her cousin Mary, who, in an excited voice, said, "Quick, Margaret, to Frances."

Mary's manner left little doubt that celerity was required; Margaret rushed into her room. Frances was sitting on the floor in violent hysterics; her mother stood beside her, bathing her forehead and hands with Eau-de-Cologne. Margaret looked round in vain for an explanation of the cause; there was no one could give it; Mary was crying, and trembling all over; Mrs. Wyndham alone was calm, but too busy to explain. She insisted on both girls lying down, and,

turning to Margaret, said shortly, "Wine." Margaret brought it, and found Frances already better, and growing quieter.

"Tell her," she said, as her sister stood looking on in amazement.

"Edward is in England," was the curt information.

It was Margaret's turn to look surprised.

"How?" she said.

The explanation came presently. Frances was better, and poured all forth in such gladness of heart. Edward had got a good situation; the firm had promoted him to an influential and lucrative post, and cancelled the old bond that bound him to them in an ungenerous way. He was in England, and might be expected every hour. It was such a glad surprise; no wonder they were all bewildered at first. With the first steady thoughts came to Margaret the recollection of Mr. Herbert's words. On repeating them to her family, Frances started up—

"He has been the person to do it," she said; "I remember his asking me so many questions once. I will go down this moment and thank him."

"Indeed, Frances, I will not allow you," said her mother. "You are most unfit to talk about it to him; you must lie quiet, or when Edward does come you will not be able to speak to him. That would be worse than not speaking to Vernon."

"If you will let me, mamma, I will come back and stay quiet all the rest of the day. It would do me such good."

"I will carry your message—or Margaret will."

"That would not do. I want to say it myself. You must think me very obstinate, mamma."

"I do, Frances; but if only that will content you, I will let him come up to you. Where is he, Margaret?"

He was quite overcome as he stood by her—the flood of gratitude she poured out to him—and he wanted words to stop her.

"My dear girl, do you think I could not be mindful of any one's happiness but my own and Margaret's; it was but a trifle after all, for the people were under an old obligation to me, and it was charitable to put it in their way to be honest, and pay off an old score. Besides, I want to see this cousin; I am sure I am thankful he did not snap up Margaret. I do not know what I should

have done. I will be grateful to him all my life."

"And we to you," said Frances, in a husky voice.

He turned away, and looked out of the window; he was not prepared to see the light-hearted Frances so broken in voice and manner. If he had been, he never would have come up.

"Now, Mary," said Mrs. Wyndham that evening at tea, "if you would just get a lover I would then have as much as I could manage upon my hands. It is a happy circumstance Rose and Lucy are so young, that I will have a few years to recover all this, for I really have more weddings than I ever bargained for, all coming at once, too."

"Get one, by all means, Mary," said Mr. Herbert; "and if they should try sending him abroad, send for me. I am a capital hand at bringing them home again."

"That is true, indeed," said Mrs. Wyndham.

"Look at Mary, how she blushes," said Margaret. "Well, cousin, if I were you, I would insist on having plenty of gloves to hold; take your privilege as first bridesmaid."

"I suppose you have heard the news, young ladies," said Colonel Wilmot to his nieces, who had been from home since the day after the Hall dinner-party.

"What news?"

"How some rabid bridegroom has bitten all the eligible gentlemen in our neighborhood; and there is to be a triple wedding on the sixteenth of July."

"Uncle is so fond of mystifying," said Augusta, languidly.

"No mystery in the matter at all; it is the talk of the whole country. I have just been over to congratulate Mr. Herbert."

"Mr. Herbert!" they both exclaimed.

"Yes, Mr. Herbert; and a very nice wife he has chosen—Miss Wyndham. She will suit him in every respect."

"Margaret Wyndham! Uncle, I could not believe that."

"Very well, you have two or three weeks still to doubt it in."

"How preposterous!" said Julia. "It could not be the case."

"And who may the others be pray?"

"A cousin has come home from abroad to marry Miss Frances Wyndham; and Mrs. Selwyn will be married from the Rectory—all three on the same day. Three very lovely brides they will be. I am going, for I am to give away Mrs. Selwyn. I gave away her mother, when I was a very young man; and I asked Dr. Wyndham if I might, for old times' sake, and they are all quite gratified."

"So they may," said Julia; "just like uncle, mixing himself up with all sorts of common people."

"They are neither common nor unclean; so I would suggest to you to change your form of expression."

"And pray, uncle," said Augusta in a passion, "how long has this delectable Margaret Wyndham affair been settled?"

"If you mean Miss Wyndham's marriage, it was a month before the party given for Mrs. Norris at the Hall."

CHAPTER XXX.—THE WYNDHAMS, THE READER, AND THE AUTHOR PART.

"I know on earth I never shall behold,
With eye of sense, your outward form or semblance;

Therefore to me you never shall grow old,
But live for ever young in my remembrance.

"Thus

The book is completed,
And closed, like the day;
And the hand that has written it
Lays it away.

"Song sinks into silence;
The story is told."

—LONGFELLOW.

SOME few years have passed since the triple wedding at the Rectory, during which time I had lost sight of my varied-hued acquaintances in Landeris. Last summer we were travelling through that part of England, after our visit to the Arts Exhibition at Manchester; and I thought, as I looked on the familiar hill-tops that I knew lay behind the Hall woods, how pleasant it would be to hear something of what had gone on in the neighborhood since—who had found their stepping-stones, and if any had left them all behind for ever. It was a detour of but a few miles, and I made it for the sake of dear old times, happy times, I had known there. When we drove up the main street, it looked very little altered. There was a fashionable tailor's shop that was new, and a seed-shop I did not recollect; but the Manlys' shop was there,

"I hope they do not expect us at their wedding," said Augusta.

"I am quite sure they do not. I consider it a very great honor. I like giving away brides so much, if it were not that Miss Holmdon has a guardian, who is the proper person, I would be in hopes of getting a little promotion in that quarter, too."

The young ladies were just leaving the room. Curiosity made Augusta pause with the door-handle in her hand. Her sister stood also.

"And pray, what gentleman has succeeded in winning that simpleton?"

"She will be Lady Norris, Sir Stephen tells me, about the end of September."

It was too much for both the Miss Beckfords; it was a climax of misfortunes. Augusta slammed the door, with a noise that shook the house; and the scene of passion that ensued up-stairs may be imagined, not described.

And, as of old, one of the sisters, looking but very little greyer, drew back a blind and looked out, when the sound of our wheels was heard approaching, to see who came by. I had a thick veil down over a monster brown hat—a sufficient disguise to lead her to suppose she had never seen me before. The blinds were down in the Joneses' house. I thought they were at the sea-side, or had perhaps changed their dwelling (it was such an unusual sight); but, on inquiring afterwards, I heard the old lady had died that morning. *Requiescat in pace.* She at least was a good soul. We drove to our old rendezvous, the post-office, and found, as of yore, the purchase of a few shillings'-worth of postage-stamps sufficient plea for entering into conversation with Mrs. Gregson. We asked after almost every one; very few were forgotten. At the Hall all went on peacefully and usefully. It was a cheerful, happy home. Baby voices kept the echoes of the elm-hill ever freshly awakened; those are two dear little children. Frances and her husband live in London, but always come down to Landeris for the summer months. The previous summer she had two children with her; this summer, I was told, she brought three.

John Herbert and his wife spent his year of leave of absence at home, and then returned to India, leaving Nannie at the Hall,

to be educated under Florence Herbert's governess; who is neither so hateful nor so formidable as Florence once supposed. Florence herself is, I hear, much improved, and bids fair to grow up, under her gentle step-mother's guidance, a very estimable woman. Rose and Lucy use the bridge oftenest now; they are ever running backwards and forwards for Margaret's children prove an inexhaustible source of interest and amusement.

In London I sometimes hear of Mrs. Norris, and I have seen her more than once, so I had no occasion to ask for her; but, as we stood, a donkey-cart, containing a nurse and two curly-headed little boys in it, drove by, and Mrs. Gregson seemed greatly to wonder I did not know they were Lady Norris's.

The Christmas previous, Mr. Cooper had made a visit to some old friends at Oxford, and greatly surprised both parishes, by bringing back with him a lady he had formerly known there—as Mrs. Cooper. She was a lady who had one propensity in common with the family into which she had married—she liked above all things, “speaking her mind.” She not only spoke it, but acted on it so decidedly and so unmistakably, that her sister-in-law, finding “what was thought of her,” came over to Landeris parish, and settled in the cottage where formerly Mrs. Selwyn had lived, and where Mr. and Mrs. John Herbert had spent their year of home-life. Miss Cooper and Miss Jones are the bitterest foes. If any one doubts that intimate friends make the deadliest enemies when they quarrel, I am told they have only to look at these ladies, each of whom heads a warlike clique, and annoys the other party as much as possible. In this *Montecchi e Capuletti* their lives are frittered away.

Of the Simpsons there was little pleasant to tell. Somehow their great educations had not turned them out what was generally expected. Either they had had too much, or it was not of a wholesome kind. Jane had made a low match, without even asking her parents' consent, and with her husband had been sent out to Australia, to try what help Euclid would be in the bush. This was a

greater grief than the deficient governesses had ever been. Poor people, they were beginning to see a good many mistakes they had made. They never knew, like many others, they were sowing the wind, until they found themselves reaping the whirlwind—too late, however, to repair what had been done. The carrot-headed John, whose taste for information had been early developed, in wishing to see some ruins where a good dinner was to be had, showed his thirst for enlarged views by running off to sea, about the time the ill-starred Jane put the seal on her destinies; and as he never wrote home, nothing more was known about him.

I wonder how it was I forgot to ask for Dr. Price; but had he at all changed his state, I would certainly have heard of it. I presume he is where we left him a few years since.

The Beckfords still live, as before, at Beckford Hall. Neither sister, so far as I can hear, have ever yet led the county. Perhaps they still hope for a good time coming. I do not know if the Whittlefields ever expect any thing to fall to their lot or not; but I heard they just lived as before—still going out to evening parties, I dare say, in their white dresses and blue or pink sashes.

I think I have mentioned almost every one. A little further on the road we met Miss Smith and her brother on horseback—sufficient evidence of their presence in the body.

So we drove away; and so in different ways, must the reader and I go on now. If my friends have failed to interest any one, it is my fault as narrator, not theirs who were my subject; for, believe me, the study of their lives has been a deeply interesting one to me. Of many kind, simple, loving, generous hearts I have ever had experience, but the telling of them is a task quite new. If the pen could have portrayed all the happy scenes and thoughts I have enjoyed in the society of these friends, none would complain of dullness; but in the execution of my task I have, and must have, fallen far short. Of the truth of some apparently exaggerated characters many will question; but my only answer is, “Such as these have lived and died.”

From The New Monthly Magazine.
MEMOIRS OF COUNT MIOT DE MELITO.*

COUNT MIOT DE MELITO, ambassador and minister under the Republic and the Empire, was born at Versailles in the year 1762. His father being in the War-office he obtained a situation in the commissariat early in life, and was deputed to the camp at St. Omer, at that time the focus of military discontent owing to the introduction of the Prussian system. What changes have that "vaste bruyère," as M. de Melito calls it, witnessed? The Swiss regiments, Salis, Sausade, and de Diesbach carried off the palm in 1788; they were succeeded by brigades of English and Scotch at the time of the Restoration, and that disagreeable reminiscence was attempted to be effaced by Louis Philippe by the establishment of French camps of instruction at the same spot, but all the good townspeople used to say was that they did not spend as much money as the English.

English officers visited the Prince de Condé's camp in 1788, and M. de Melito says they were the objects of public admiration and affection. "There," was the exclamation, "are free men, models that we ought to follow, and not the soldier machines of a despotic king!" It would seem, from such retrospective incidents, that events and ideas succeed to one another, and return again, in a perpetual cycle.

So open were the manifestations of discontent that the camp was broken up, and M. de Melito returned to Versailles. His description of the court at once ranks him among the malcontents. The king Louis XVI., he says, was a man of good intentions, but weak and hypocritical like all the Bourbons. Monsieur, since Louis XVIII., was clever, but pedantic. All his "liaisons" and "amours," as well as his other connexions, were formed with a view to thwart the queen, who spoke of him under the designation of Hortensius. The Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., carried away by passions that knew no check, gave himself up to excesses in gambling and otherwise. Such, we are told was the court at Versailles at the time when the States-General were convoked, torn by factions within, and void of all credit or respect without.

* Mémoires du Comte Miot de Melito, Ancien Ministre, Ambassadeur, Conseiller d'Etat, et Membre de l'Institut. Tomes I. et II.

A simple cloak of black cloth and a cap without any decoration—a strange garb exhumed from the relics of feudalism—distinguished the deputies, and contrasted sadly with the gold lace and feathers of the nobility, and the purple of the church dignitaries. M. de Melito sided with the men of humble garb but thoughtful looks. Further, when the embodiment of the National Guards was decreed, he joined the Versailles detachment, and thus for ever placed a gulf between himself and the party he had been brought up with.

M. de Melito expatiates, in the manifest spirit of sarcasm, on the preparations made by royalty to punish the Parisians. He describes the host of foreign troops, the artillery from Metz and Douai concentrated at Versailles, and then, when the insurrection came, and the Bastille was taken, "terror took the place of warlike excitement, the troops brought from so far away, and the gaudy, ostentatious staff, vanished like phantoms, while the silence of fear reigned in the palace, which had been so tumultuous a few days previously."

The orgies of a last banquet given to the military were soon followed by the events of the 5th and 6th October, described by M. de Melito as an eye-witness, and by the forcible removal of the royal family to Paris, whither our author followed them, having given up his commission in the National Guard, and attached himself at such a crisis to the fortunes of M. de Latour du Pin, at that time Minister of War. From this epoch (Oct., 1789) till the 10th of August, 1792, he continued in the War-office, at first as chief clerk, and afterwards as chef de division. His escape at the latter date was curious enough.

"Comprised at that epoch in the conscription intended against the greater number of employés of the administration, I was to have been arrested and conducted to the prisons, whence I should probably have gone forth one of the victims of the massacres of the 2nd September, but by a happy inspiration, being anxious for the health of my wife and child, who were at that time at Versailles, I had gone out that very morning of the 10th of August by the Barrière de Clichy, and reached Versailles by the way of the Plaine des Sablons, the Bois de Boulogne, Saint-Cloud, and the woods that dominate over the residence of our kings, and the paths of which I was intimately acquainted with. During

the journey, the sound of cannon and musketry thundering away in Paris threw my mind into a fearful state of anxiety, but it also made me hasten my steps, and I arrived at about mid-day at Versailles, devoured by anxiety, ignorant as to what had taken place in Paris, and incapable of answering any of the many questions that were put to me."

There may have been as much discretion as inspiration in this long morning walk across the wood of Boulogne and that so strangely designated as "Fausses Reposes;" but, be that as it may, M. de Melito found courage, after hiding himself for a day and allowing the first burst of the insurrection to blow over, to retrace his steps to the capital, where he resumed his position at his desk, and was, he says, either overlooked or forgotten, although several times sent for during his absence, and a person had even been appointed to wait for him. Upon what slight chances does the fate of a man depend in times of revolution!

M. de Melito may be fairly considered now as embarked in a new career—the established civil officer of a new administration; and so it was for a time. Transferred from the ministry to a controllership in military convoys, he returned once more to the ministerial office under Beurnonville, to be afterwards appointed Secretary at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs under Deforgues. At this minister's table M. de Melito met Danton, Robespierre, Lacroix, Legendre, Fabre d'Eglantine, and Camille Desmoulins. But the fate of Danton, executed on the 5th of April, 1794, entailed the fall of Deforgues, who was replaced by a village schoolmaster from the Jura, called Buchot, and whose ignorance, vulgarity, and stupidity, the count says, surpassed every thing that can be imagined. He did nothing at the ministry, because incapable of doing any thing; and if wanted to sign any document he had to be sent for from the billiard-tables of the Café Hardy. Slighted by the chiefs, he revenged himself by denouncing them as Moderates, and among others M. de Melito, who owed his life, as on the 16th of August, almost to a miracle. The day fixed for his arrest was the 9th Thermidor, and he was only saved by the downfall of Robespierre himself.

Instead of being sent to the scaffold, M. de Melito, summoned by the Committee of Public Safety, was raised by the National Convention to the position of commissary for external

relations, or what, under any other administration, would have been called secretary for foreign affairs. A ridiculous circumstance resulted from this elevation; the republican schoolmaster, who had a short time previously sought his life, now implored for a clerkship in the office which he had lately ruled over.

M. de Melito was now thrown in contact at the Committee of Public Safety with Merlin de Douai, Cambacérés, Sieyès, Fourcroy, Boissy d'Anglas, Carnot, and others, of whom, he says, whatever opinion may be formed of their political conduct during the progress of the revolution, there can be no two opinions as to their talents. The labor was immense; revolutionary fury had to be appeased, anarchy suppressed, order re-established, fourteen armies provided for, and the isolation in which France was placed to be removed by the appointment of envoys and consuls. M. de Melito appears to have thought that one of these foreign appointments would be more agreeable than the more responsible and laborious position of a republican secretary of state at home. The committee having offered him the choice of the mission to the United States or to Florence, he selected the latter.

It was while M. de Melito was at the court of the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, that the events of the 5th October, 1795, called Bonaparte to the defence of the National Convention, and the success attained by the young general against a brave but undisciplined crowd led Barras to take him by the hand, give him Madame de Beauharnais as a wife, and the command of the army in Italy.

When Bonaparte arrived at Nice in the spring of 1796, he wrote to M. de Melito to obtain information as to the state of the country.

"I recognized (says the envoy) in his style at once concise, yet full of movement, although unequal and incorrect, and in the nature of the questions which he addressed me, a man who was unlike others. I was struck by the extent and depth of the military and political views that he indicated, and which I had not remarked in any of the correspondences that I had held up to that time with the generals of our army in Italy. I foresaw then either great successes or great reverses. The uncertainty lasted for a very short time. The campaign opened, and a series of victories, as brilliant as unforeseen, and which followed one another with the most astonishing rapidity, carried, in two months of combats, to the highest degree of elevation the glory of the

French arms and that of the great captain who led them, so to say, every day to new triumphs."

M. de Melito was not long in discovering that the successful young general assumed a very independent direction of affairs, and that he was more disposed to dictate orders to the Directory than to receive such. The commissary of the Directory, Salicetti, had in view the plunder of Leghorn, whose riches were deemed to be the property of the English; M. de Melito, however, insisted upon the neutrality of Tuscany being respected. So, to enforce his views, he sought an interview with Bonaparte at Brescia.

"I was strangely surprised at his appearance. Nothing was further from the idea that my imagination had depicted. I perceived in the midst of a numerous staff a man of a height below that of the ordinary standard of men, and extremely thin. His hair powdered, cut in a particular manner, and squared off beneath the ears, fell on his shoulders. He was clothed in a straight coat, buttoned up to the collar, decorated with a very narrow gold braid, and he wore a tricolor feather on his hat. At first sight the figure did not appear handsome, but marked features, a lively and inquisitive eye, animated and rough gestures, evidenced an ardent mind, and a high, thoughtful brow intimated a deep thinker. He made me sit down by his side, and we spoke of Italy. His sentences were brief, and at that time very incorrect."

After some arrangements with regard to Naples, by which the Neapolitans were to withdraw their contingent from the Austrians (Bonaparte said of the Neapolitan infantry that it was worthless, but of the cavalry he spoke in the highest terms), as they were also to withdraw their fleet from that of the English, the views of M. Salicetti upon Leghorn were discussed.

"'Oh' exclaimed Bonaparte, with manifest signs of impatience, 'the commissaries of the Directory have nothing to do with my policy. I do as I like, let them busy themselves with the administration of the public revenues, that is all right and fair, at least for the time being; the rest does not concern them. I feel convinced that they will not remain a very long time in power, and I shall have no more commissaries. At all events, Citizen Miot, I will read your memorial, and will meet you again at Bologna, where, whatever may be my ulterior projects, I shall be in a fortnight. I will send you a courier to inform you of my arrival. Farewell.'"

So saying, the general withdrew, giving as he went by instructions to his aides-de-camp, Murat, Lannes, Junot, and others. All manifested the utmost respect mixed with not a little admiration for their chief. "I did not see," M. de Melito says, "any of those signs of familiarity between him and his companions in arms that I had witnessed elsewhere, and which were favored by republican equality. He had already marked out his place and established the distance." M. de Melito himself returned to his hotel, "singularly struck, and not a little dazzled, by what had passed." And he hastened to place on paper the impressions derived from that first interview.

When M. de Melito met Bonaparte at Bologna, General Berthier was with him. The latter, who was a native of Versailles, and M. de Melito had been such friends from boys, that they *tutoyé*d one another. After Berthier had gone away, Bonaparte said to M. de Melito:

"'Where did you know Berthier? how is it that you are so familiar?' I explained the enigma to him in a few words. 'All right,' he replied. 'But do you think, like many others, and as I have seen repeated in the newspapers, that it is to Berthier that I owe my successes, that it is he who directs my plans, and that I only carry out the designs that he suggests?' 'Not at all,' I answered; 'I know him well enough not to attribute to him a description of merit that is not due to him. If he did possess it, he most assuredly would not yield the honor of it to you.' 'You are right,' replied Bonaparte, in a very animated tone; 'Berthier is not capable of commanding a battalion.'"

In 1798, Bonaparte left the command of the army in Italy to Berthier, simply to prove to France the opinion which he entertained at that moment. M. de Melito's advocacy of the cause of the Grand-Duke of Tuscany had no results. It was too late, Bonaparte said; "the Directory believed that there were heaps of gold at Leghorn; it must be occupied. I will go," he added, "to Florence on my way back from Leghorn. I shall conclude with the Pope to-morrow. I will grant him an armistice on condition that he gives us money, pictures, and statues!"

And as the thirst for lucre and spoliation prompted, Leghorn was occupied by the French troops on the 27th of June. Shortly afterwards, Bonaparte announced his intention

of visiting the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, and he expressed his desire that on that occasion M. de Melito would give a grand ball and supper worthy of the dignity and magnificence of the French republic. The ambassador took the opportunity of again acting as intercessor for the unfortunate Italians. He recommended that some consideration should be shown to the people, and that a proclamation should be issued, insisting upon the preservation of discipline by the French troops in Tuscany. Bonaparte agreed to these suggestions, and told the ambassador to draw it up. But, unfortunately, there occurred in the MS. the sentence, "*les commandants de l'armée Française*;" Bonaparte erased it at once, saying at the same time, that the army had only one commander, and that was himself. He then pocketed the proclamation, intimating that he would publish it at Bologna, where he would be the next day; but it is almost needless to say that M. de Melito never heard any thing more about it.

The commissaries of the Directory, Salicetti and Garrau, were busy, in the mean time, confiscating property in Leghorn under the pretext of its being English, while M. de Melito was himself dispatched to Rome to arrange the details of the "money, pictures, and statues." The ambassador waited with this object in view upon the Pope Pius VI. He told the aged pontiff that he would take every precaution, in carrying out the terms of the armistice, to render them the least disagreeable possible, and he hoped that his holiness, on his side, would issue the necessary instructions, so that the commissaries charged with "the selection of the works of art" should have every facility for fulfilling their mission. "I will give them," said the Pope; "the execution of the treaty is a sacred thing. Rome will still be rich enough in objects of that kind, and I do not think I have purchased the repose of my states too dearly by such a sacrifice."

Luckily for Rome, however, the reports of the reverses experienced by the French before Mantua came in time to cause delay, and ultimately M. de Melito was succeeded on his delicate mission by Caenault. He had occasion to see, on his way back to Florence, in what light French intervention in Italy was really viewed by the people; for the news of a single reverse had at once aroused the national feeling to such a pitch that even the

sacred character of an ambassador did not preserve him from insult and from being stoned by the populace.

The Italian governments made as little secret of their ill-will towards the French as did the people themselves, and this at a time when the Directory was discussing if they should republicanize the whole country—a project which M. de Melito strongly opposed, at the same time that he advocated not only the total exclusion of Austrian influence in Italy, but actually the annihilation of the Papal government.

M. de Melito was at this crisis in affairs appointed minister to the court of Sardinia, but he was dispatched in the first instance on a mission to Corsica, which had been recently evacuated by the English, and occupied by a few hundred refugee Corsicans under General Gentili, in order to assist in providing for its civil administration and the establishment of a constitution. The description given of Florence as it was at that time before the ambassador finally left the city of his predilection, is interesting:

"With the exception of a few movements, brought about with great difficulty under critical circumstances, and of which I have had occasion to speak, the dominant aspect of all classes was that of indolence. Florence had now for two centuries and a half lost that antique energy which, in the stormy days of the republic, distinguished that noble city. Its peaceable inhabitants, dispossessed of all their rights, were no longer those susceptible citizens whom the love of liberty and independence had so often stirred to the most courageous resolutions and to the most generous sacrifices. There were no longer even those illustrious Mæcenas, who offered so magnificent an hospitality to science and the letters. Almost everywhere I saw nothing but men softly cradled in the charms of a beautiful climate, solely occupied with the details of a monotonous life, and vegetating tranquilly under a beneficent sky.

"As to the women, a mixture of devotion and gallantry constituted, as throughout all Italy, the principal feature in their character. Manners were extremely relaxed; but as this dissipation was universal, and what is strange, the result of a generally admitted social understanding, it gave rise to no criticism, and so long as a woman lived comfortably with her 'cavalier servant,' and that she put some mystery and a kind of decency in the infidelities which she practised towards him, she enjoyed an unsullied reputation. French domestic habits were, in consequence, deemed

to be infinitely ridiculous; and if the rumor of the breaking down, and of the absence of all shame from our manners, since the beginning of the revolution—if, I say, this rumor, which preceded us at Florence, had ill-disposed the public mind towards us, our women were found, to the great surprise of all, to be of unassailable virtue, and their husbands were never forgiven for showing themselves with them in public, in opposition to the customs of the country.

"But if the ladies of Florence were little scrupulous upon the subject of conjugal fidelity, they were all the more so in their religious practices; and the same woman, who without her conscience being troubled thereby neglected those duties which are everywhere else looked upon as the most sacred, would not consent to eat meat on a fast-day. And the other practices of religion were not less rigorously observed. They not only interrupted the pleasures of gallantry for a few moments, but they also served as a pretext for emancipation from chains, the weight of which was beginning to fatigue, and it was generally at Easter that ruptures took place and new *liaisons* were formed. It is also at that epoch that the consent of the husband is asked, and is obtained, for a change of 'cavalier servant;' for such a change is a family affair.

"I do not, however, pretend to circumscribe all society in the same category. No one was more able than myself to convince himself how many remarkable exceptions to the general tone of society Florence and the other chief towns of Tuscany presented. They contained men and women of acknowledged merit, and who were far removed from the follies and weaknesses which I observed elsewhere. The distinguished natural philosopher Fontana; MM. Fabbroni, Fossombroni, and Paoli, who have made a name for themselves in the natural and mathematical sciences; M. Pignotti, the writer of some charming fables; M. Galuzzi, who penned the history of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, and other learned and literary men, honored their country, and preserved to it a portion of that ancient renown which it once enjoyed. Lastly, several ladies, such, for example, as Mme. Fabbroni, were distinguished by their talents and their cultivated minds, and would have shone with real brilliancy in whatever country they had lived."

Joseph Bonaparte having joined M. de Melito at Bastia, they returned together to Florence, whence the latter proceeded to Milan to join General Bonaparte, at that time reposing himself at Montebello, after a brilliant campaign, which had been terminated

by the treaty of Tolentino, the preliminaries of peace of Leoben, and the transformation of the governments of Venice and of Genoa.

"It was in this magnificent residence of Montebello (M. de Melito relates) that I found Bonaparte, the 13th Prairal (1st June), apparently more in the midst of a brilliant court than at a general's head-quarters. Already a most severe etiquette was observed around him; his aides-de-camp and his officers were no longer admitted to his table, and he showed himself difficult in the choice of guests whom he received there: it was an honor much sought after and with difficulty obtained. He dined, so to say, in public; during his repast, people of the country were allowed to enter into the room where he was eating, and to feast their anxious looks upon his person. As far as he was concerned, he did not seem to be in the slightest degree confused or embarrassed by the excessive honor paid him, and he received it as if he had always been accustomed to such. His saloons, as also a vast tent which he had had put up in the gardens of the palace, were constantly filled with a crowd of generals, administrators, and great contractors, as well as by the highest nobility and the most distinguished men of Italy, who came to solicit the favor of a look or of a moment's conversation. Every thing had succumbed before the brilliancy of his victories and the haughtiness of his manners. He was no longer the general of a triumphant republic, he was a conqueror on his own account, imposing laws on the conquered.

"The Directory, informed and alarmed at this state of things, had sent General Clarke (afterwards Duke of Feltre) to counterbalance the power assumed by the young general; but it was not with a man like Bonaparte that such means were likely to succeed.

"During the very first conversation (M. de Melito continues) that I had with Bonaparte at Montebello, and which at the onset turned upon my mission to Corsica, and of which he was kind enough to say I had got through creditably, I saw, the moment he touched upon more serious subjects, that he was by no means prepared to treat definitively with Austria, and still less to get on with the negotiations, or to bring them to a prompt conclusion. He felt all the advantages of the situation he was placed in, and he apprehended that peace might affect it, as indeed did take place after the treaty of Campo-Formio. He appeared to me to attach little or no importance whatsoever to the negotiators sent to him by the emperor, and he even joked bitterly at their expense. He more especially hastened to tell me that Clarke,

who had been selected by the Directory as his associate, was there only for form's sake—that he had no influence, and received no communications. He is (he added) a spy whom the Directory has placed near to me. And, besides, Clarke has no talent; he is nothing but a proud fool.*

"I recognised perfectly, in the language which he held with me in the first conversation, as well as in all those which I had with him during my stay at Milan, the same views and the same designs which I had discerned in our preceding conversations held at Brescia, at Bologna, and at Florence. I ever saw in him the man the least of all imbued with republican forms and ideas; he considered all such as moonshine.

"He unmasked himself more than ever on a particular occasion; which I cannot pass over in silence :

"Amongst the crowd that surrounded him and pressed themselves into his notice, he appeared to me to have particularly distinguished M. de Melzi, a Milanese noble, and one of the most enlightened and most respectable citizens of Lombardy.† I was one day with him at Montebello, and Bonaparte took us both to walk in the spacious gardens of that fine residence. The walk lasted about two hours, during which the general spoke almost without interruption, and whether it was that the confidence with which we inspired him induced him to speak without constraint, or that he was urged by the wish to communicate to the first person he met the ideas which grouped themselves somewhat tumultuously in his mind, he certainly did not dissimulate in any way his future projects.

"'What I have done as yet,' he said to us, 'is nothing. I am only on the threshold of the career that I shall run. Do you think that it is to make the greatness of the advocates of the Directory, of the Carnots and the Barrases, that I triumph in Italy? Do you think that it is to found a republic? What an idea! a republic with thirty millions of men! with our manners, our vices! How is such possible? It is a chimera with which the French are infatuated, but which will pass away like so many others. What they want is glory, the gratification of their vanity; but as to liberty, they don't understand it. Look at the army! the victories which we have just effected, our triumphs, have already restored the character to the French soldier. I am all

* He nevertheless raised him afterwards to the highest dignities.

† M. de Melzi d'Eril (afterwards Duke of Lodi) was subsequently appointed Vice-President of the Italian Republic, and in 1805, when that republic was changed into a monarchy, he received the title of Chancellor Keeper of the Seals to the Crown. He died in 1816.

and every thing to him. Let the Directory try to take away the command from me, and it will see if it is the master. What the nation requires is a chief—a chief rendered illustrious by glory, and not theories of government, phrases, and discourses of idealists, which the French do not understand. Give them a child's coral, that will suffice to them; they will amuse themselves with it, and let themselves be led, provided always the point to which they are to be led is skillfully hidden from them.

"'As to your country, Monsieur de Melzi, there are still fewer elements of republicanism in it than in France, and we must have even fewer ceremonies with it than with any other. You know it better than any one; we can do with it just what we like. But the time is not yet come; we must yield to the fever of the moment, and we are going to have here one or two republics after our own fashion. Monge will arrange all that. In the mean time, I have already caused two to disappear from the territory of Italy, and although they were very aristocratic republics, it was still there that there existed most public spirit and confirmed opinions. We should have been much embarrassed by them in the future. Besides, I am resolved never to give up Lombardy nor Mantua to Austria. You can,' he continued, addressing M. de Melzi—'you can rely upon that, and you will see that whatever conclusion we arrive at in regard to this country, you can enter into my views, without having any thing to fear from the return or from the power of Austria. I will give to it Venice as an indemnification, and a portion of the territory that is on the continent belonging to that old republic.'

"We both at the same time exclaimed out against such a project, which would once more place Austria at the gates of Italy, and which would disappoint all the hopes of a population which he himself would only have disenfranchised from the yoke of a hated oligarchy to replace under an absolute monarchy, and which would keep it in a state of thralldom, not less insufferable than that from which he had just rescued it.

"He replied by requesting us not to cry out before the mischief was done. 'I shall only do that if I am obliged by some folly on the part of the Parisians to make peace, for my intentions are nowise to finish so quickly with the Austrians. Peace is not in my interest. You see what I am, what I can now do in Italy. If peace is concluded, I shall no longer be at the head of the army, which I have attached to myself; I shall have to renounce the high position which I have placed myself in, to go and pay my court at the Luxembourg to barristers. I do not wish to leave Italy except to go and play a part in

France somewhat similar to that which I now play here, and the time has not come yet: the pear is not ripe. But the issue of all this does not depend solely on myself. They are not agreed in Paris. One party raises its head in favor of the Bourbons; I do not wish to contribute to its triumph. I am quite willing, some day, to weaken the republican party, but I intend it to be to my own advantage, and not to that of the old dynasty. In the mean time, I must go on with the republican party. Then peace may become necessary to satisfy the desires of our Parisian cockneys, and if it must be done it is I who shall bring it about. If I left the credit to another, such a benefit would place him higher in public opinion than all my victories."

Such is the remarkable conversation narrated by M. de Melito; it shows that Bonaparte felt and understood his position in 1797 just as clearly as the present Emperor of France did in 1848. It is said that the revolution was brought about by the encyclopædists, but men, not measures or theories, seem ultimately to sway mankind. There was nothing in Bonaparte's views that in any one way concerned themselves with the future happiness or prosperity of France or Italy beyond so much as they tended to serve his own selfish aggrandisement. To him soldiers were puppets, men pawns, and France a great baby, to be amused with a toy.

After a delay of eight days at Montebello, M. de Melito left for Turin, with assurances on the part of Bonaparte that he had no intentions to revolutionize Sardinia, but that he could not answer for the Directory, surrounded as it was by a crowd of intriguers whose only pursuit was to sow dissension and promote disorder. Thus, M. de Melito, who at Turin represented the general's feelings rather than those of the Directory, was at once placed in his new position in antagonism with the agents of his own government. In the mean time, the *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor brought out all Bonaparte's energies. It did not, as we have before seen, suit his purpose that the Bourbons should return to power, and his attitude and that of the French army in Italy decided the question. The French thought that the decision was in favor of republicanism, but the army decided it in favor of imperialism! The most violent expressions were used to terrify the Parisians. Augereau and Massena especially distinguished themselves upon the oc-

casion. "The road to Paris, does it present greater obstacles than that to Vienna?" "Tremble! from the Adige to the Rhine and the Seine there is only one step." Such, says M. de Melito, was the text of these "diatribes." We thus see that the use of such, supposed to be addressed by colonels in command and generals of divisions to those in authority, to terrify their opponents or neighborly powers, is by no means new. M. de Melito unintentionally betrays the real feeling which he entertains of such a system of bravadoes by designating them as "diatribes."

One of the first results of the *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor was that Bonaparte concluded the peace of Campo-Formio the 17th October, 1797; and the Directory, in order to set him aside, appointed him to the command of what M. de Melito says was designated as "the army of England." Bonaparte, however, saw through the intentions of the Directory at once. In a conversation held with M. de Melito at Turin, at half-past two in the morning, whilst waiting for his dinner, which was served at four! after justifying the line of conduct which he pursued on the 18th Fructidor, he said:

"But do not fancy that it was from conformity of ideas with those that I have assisted, that I was induced so to act. I did not wish for the restoration of the Bourbons, especially when brought back by the army of Moreau and by Pichegru. The papers found in the portfolio of d'Entraigues enlightened me clearly upon the projects of these two generals. Definitely, I do not intend to play the part of Monk; I will not play it, nor will I let others play it. But these Parisian lawyers* whom they have placed in the Directory know nothing about government. They are small minds. I shall see what they intend to do at Rastadt. I doubt much, however, that we can agree and go on long together. They are jealous of me; I know it, and in spite of all the incense they throw at my nose, I am not their dupe; they fear me more than they like me. They were in a hurry to appoint me general of the army of England, to get me out of Italy, where I am master, and more a sovereign than a general of an army. They will see how matters will go on when I am no longer there. I leave Berthier there; but he is unequal to the task of commander in chief, and, I predict it, will commit nothing but follies. As to me, my

* Merlin de Douai and Francois de Neufchâteau.

dear Miot, I declare to you I can no longer obey; I have tasted command, and I cannot give it up. My resolution is taken; if I cannot be the master, I will quit France; I will not have done so much to give up the results to lawyers. As to this country [speaking of Piedmont], it will not long be quiet. I have done every thing in my power to assure the tranquility of the king, but the Directory is surrounded by a parcel of patriots and idealists who know nothing about politics. They will set fire to Italy, and have us all driven out of it in one day."

Nor was Bonaparte wrong, for one of the first acts of Berthier, who succeeded to him, was to overthrow the Papacy, which Bonaparte had always spared—M. de Melito believes in deference to ulterior and imperialist views—and to proclaim a Roman republic.

The hostility of the Directory to Sardinia became also daily more manifest, and in this untoward state of things M. de Melito obtained leave to return to Paris. Here he was coolly received as a lukewarm republican, and he revenged himself by satirising the manners and habits of Parisian society. Confusion, he says, reigned everywhere, and the salons were filled indifferently with contractors and generals, with learned men and "chevaliers d'industrie," with "femmes galantes" and ladies of the old nobility, with patriots and loyalists. Barras took the lead at the Directory. He had horses, dogs, mistresses, a haughty and rough address, and it was marvellous to see these proud republicans, these Aristideses, these Brutuses of the Convention, come and prostrate themselves before this new idol, and worship its tastes.

Bonaparte felt less at home in such society than even M. de Melito. He felt, however, that his time was not yet come; he must do something still more striking than the campaign in Italy to satisfy the French love of glory, and his thoughts turned in the direction—as surely taken by the Gallic mind as the Polar regions are by the mariner's compass—to a descent on England. Luckily, a journey which he made with this view along the coasts, and the observations of a few enlightened men with whom he held communication on that journey, induced him to renounce a plan which, however seductive, was not by any means easy to accomplish. But still it was necessary to dazzle the French nation, and the project of the expedition to Egypt having been suggested by Monge, was

ardently embraced by Bonaparte. The Directory seconded his views, for they contemplated the rising young general quitting France with pleasurable relief. Barras and Bonaparte were on especially bad terms, and the latter never mitigated his hatred for the rude and vulgarly haughty director.

"On reflecting (says M. de Melito) upon what passed before my own eyes, I have only been able to see in this expedition to Egypt, the end of which was so unfortunate, and which brought about so fatal a blow to our navy, sacrificed by the Directory to their wish of embarrassing themselves of a man whom they had not the courage to attack in his presence—I have, I say, only been able to see a further proof of the immeasurable evils which are drawn upon the people by the private hatreds and the exaggerated pretensions of men whom chance or a fatal celebrity has placed at their head."

The Republic worked at this epoch very badly. Bernadotte had seriously compromised it at Vienna; Suwaroff had relieved Mantua, and the defeat of Macdonald on the Trebia had entailed the loss of Italy; Jourdan had retreated before the Austrians; the French ministers Bonnier, Roberjot, and Debry had been murdered at Rastadt; Switzerland was invaded, and La Vendée was in insurrection. The Directory fell under these accumulated disasters, and new men were appointed—Barras and Sieyès alone remained. M. de Melito, at this juncture, accompanied Deforgues on a mission to Holland. That unfortunate kingdom had been relieved of the presence of the English under the Duke of York, to fall under the far weightier yoke of the French Republic under Brune. "The victorious general," says M. de Melito, "asked for a deal of money, and was always complaining that he did not receive enough."

On passing through Morfontaine, M. de Melito visited Joseph Bonaparte, who told him that a Greek named Bourbake had been dispatched to Egypt to inform Napoleon Bonaparte of the state of things in France, and to advise his immediate return. M. de Melito first received the news of the general's actual return at the Hague, in a letter written to Brune, in which Bonaparte expressed his delight at finding one of his *lieutenants* at the head of a victorious army. The astonishment of the republican general may be easily conceived. "What more, indeed,"

says M. de Melito, "could Cæsar have said? and if we had already a Cæsar in our republic, it was very sick." A few days afterwards, Brune, more correctly informed as to what had taken place on the 18th and 19th Brumaire, and feeling that a change which placed the political power in the hands of the military could not but be favorable to the generals, protested devotion to the rising power, and frankly gave to it his services.

M. de Melito gives the credit of the revolution of the 17th and 19th Brumaire to that man so fertile in expedients—Talleyrand. Talleyrand said to Bonaparte, "You want power and Sieyès wants a new constitution; work together to destroy what is, since that which exists is an obstacle for both." A combination was thus brought about which had in reality little to oppose it—Barras, without credit or party, and certain obscure incapables; in fact, as M. de Melito himself says, before Bonaparte struck the final blow, the Directory was no longer in existence. M. de Melito asserts that the events of the 19th Brumaire are not generally known, because the successful party were deeply interested in not letting the truth appear. When Bonaparte presented himself before the assembly of the "Five Hundred," at St. Cloud, he was received with furious shouts of "Hors la loi!" "What does that man want?" was exclaimed on all sides; "by what right does he come in here?" These exclamations, and particularly the word outlaw, made a deep impression upon Bonaparte, who withdrew, pale and dejected.

It was, according to the same authority, Lucien Bonaparte who did the *coup*. Unable to control the awakened passions of the assembly after Bonaparte's withdrawal, he addressed himself to the soldiery under arms in the outer court, roused their enthusiasm for the general, whose life he depicted as in danger, and then charged the meeting with a battalion of grenadiers, with Murat at their head. But even the dispersion of a legislative chamber by an ignorant soldiery was followed by no results. It was only in the evening that Joseph Bonaparte thought of convening such of the members as were favorable to the projected changes, and thus the decrees which suppressed the council, abolished the Directory, and created the three consuls, were promulgated by a fraction—a minority! How different is this to the ac-

count of the *coup d'état*, as commonly recorded in historical works, taken from the pages of the *Moniteur* and the papers of the day? Bonaparte is now said to have taken little or no part in the events of the day upon which his prodigious power was founded.

Once in power, however, the mob saw in Bonaparte the future source of all honors and good things, and all parties hastened to install themselves into his good graces. As to M. de Melito, he was recalled from Holland to fulfil the duties of secretary at war. Sieyès was induced to lay aside his proposed constitution for the time being, by a present of 350,000 fr., part of 600,000 fr. found in the treasury, as also the territory of Crone. The Parisians consoled themselves as usual with an epigram:

"Sieyès à Bonaparte avait promis un trône,
Sous ses débris brillants voulant l'ensevelir;
Bonaparte à Sieyès a fait présent de Crône,
Pour le payer et l'avilir."

This history of the foundation of the first Empire is unquestionably the most remarkable yet published. It is at the same time deserving of credit, for it is written by a contemporary, who had his information from an eye-witness, and who above all was himself a Bonapartist. General de Fleischmann, the editor of M. de Melito's Memoirs, justly observes of them, that they must not be confounded with those manufactured memoirs with which French literature has been inundated during the last thirty years. They are the memorials of an observing, thoughtful, and enlightened statesman, who has naught to hide or to contort. Strange to say, the more the new government dispensed with democratic forms, and assumed a monarchical aspect and character, the more it gratified the public taste, and the First Consul was not the man to allow so easy a means of obtaining ascendancy escape him. He even appointed one Riouffe, who had made such a pompous eulogium of the consul at the "Tribunat" that he was almost laughed out of the assembly, to one of the leading prefectures of France—that of Dijon—proving, says M. de Melito, in his quiet, sarcastic way, that excess of praise, even if ill-timed and ill-placed, are not without their excuse in the eyes of great men. As usual, also, in progress to power, conspiracies and rumors of conspiracies were made the apologies for arbitrary measures, such as the suppression of

unfavorable newspapers, and the banishment or imprisonment of persons. The policy of ambitious men moves in a wheel, the spokes of which are as distinctly marked as the signs of the zodiac. Fouché seconded the First Consul with so much zeal, that Lucien Bonaparte having recriminated against so many pretended conspiracies, Fouché said, in the presence of both, "he would arrest the Minister of the Interior himself" (Lucien) "if he conspired." From that time Bonaparte gave his entire confidence to Fouché; he had already begun to doubt the fidelity of the brother to whom he was mainly indebted for his elevation to the rank of First Consul.

In the mean time the army of the Republic was moving from Dijon to the Rhône; it only wanted a commander, and it had not long to wait for such. Bonaparte left the task of assimilating parties, putting down phantom conspiracies, and influencing imaginations by fatalistic ideas, to others to follow out, and he hastened back to his more natural predilections. His absence gave both strength and consistency to the Opposition, but such Bonaparte well knew was the ardent thirst of the French for military glory, that the news of the victory of Marengo defeated all their plots and projects at one fell blow. Bonaparte returned to Paris more arbitrary than ever, and less than ever inclined to conceal his real designs. General Latour Fois-sac was his first victim, Coracchi and his accomplices were the next. The consul then sought to gain over the Pope and the priest party—another of the inevitable moves in an ascent upwards. His first manifestation of what are ridiculously designated as "religious sentiments," was characteristic enough. "I love and esteem the priests," he wrote, "because they are good Frenchmen, and they know how to defend the country against those eternal enemies to the French name, those wicked heretics the English." This proclamation, which appeared in the *Moniteur* of the 8th Thermidor, an VIII., answered two purposes: it served to open a first connection between the new government and the Church, and also to unite Church and people with him in a common hatred of England. Lucien Bonaparte was at the same time got rid of by a mission to Madrid, and M. de Melito, it does not appear very clearly why, but under the mask of modifying the constitution, was dispatched to Corsica.

Whilst in that country, M. de Melito collected some interesting details concerning the Bonaparte family, which, he says, is not Corsican by origin, but Italian. One of their ancestors withdrew from Florence, during the troubles, to San Miniato, another took refuge at Sarzane, near Genoa, and it is from the latter branch that the Bonapartes descended who were established at Ajaccio. Some years after the union of Corsica to France, which took place in 1769, the father of the first consul, Charles Bonaparte, was sent to Paris as a representative or deputy of the Corsican nobility; and one of his daughters, Eliza Bonaparte, was educated at Saint Cyr—a definite proof of her nobility. It was at this epoch that Bonaparte assumed for the first time the name of Napoleon in the *Senatus-Consultus* of 14th and 17th Thermidor, when he was appointed consul for life—a prelude to the changes further contemplated, but which it was too early to adopt at that epoch.

M. de Melito returned from Corsica with no small satisfaction; it was a country, he said, where it was easy to do evil, difficult to do good. On his return to Paris he found that, under a consulate, the austere forms of a republic had disappeared, and had been superseded by the outward insignia of monarchy. His very dress was half a century behind the time, and caused no little laughter at his expense. The laughter might, however, have been at the expense of those who were always so ready to change.

Lord Whitworth had at that time recently arrived in Paris. Bonaparte was delighted; he had lowered the pride of Great Britain, but M. de Melito says the triumph was destined to last for but a brief time. After having seized the reality of absolute power, it only remained to Bonaparte to give it its true name, when the difficulties concerning the execution of the treaty of Amiens entailed misunderstandings between England, and France, which delayed his elevation for a long time.

"The First Consul had allowed unequivocal signs of his aversion to England to appear on many occasions. At the sitting of the Council of State, when the change in the type of the currency was adopted, an incidental discussion had given him the opportunity of manifesting his opinion of the English, and he had expressed himself with remarkable bitterness in regard to that nation. To the surprise of all the members of the council, he had blamed every thing in her.

National spirit, political conduct, system of government, nothing could escape his criticism, which fell even upon Shakspeare and Milton, whom I scarcely expected to see figuring in a discussion of a Council of State in France.

"This personal irritation against England was daily increased in the mind of the First Consul by the perusal of the English papers, more particularly those which were published in London by French emigrants, and which insulted himself and his family most grossly; by the difficulties which M. de Talleyrand met with in his negotiations with Lord Whitworth to obtain the cession of Malta, one of the conditions of the treaty of Amiens; and still more by the failure of an attempt made by Bonaparte himself to seduce England to his ambitious views by distinctly proposing to her to unite with France, and divide the world between them. This proposal shows to what an extent Bonaparte was ignorant of the principles of government in England, and under what illusions he lived in with regard to that country (illusions which he preserved up to the fatal moment when he so imprudently entrusted his existence to it)."

Elsewhere M. de Melito, in a conversation with Joseph Bonaparte, says of Napoleon, "It is not difficult to see what he has in view: the foundation of a dynasty, the empire of Europe, at the most divided with Russia, and founded on the overthrow of Austria and of England. Such is the aim of all his enterprises." In both cases, like most ambitious people, Napoleon reckoned without Providence—as if the triumph of usurpation and arrogance at home, and of subjection and devastation abroad, depended solely upon the will of man.

Colonel Sebastiani's report in the *Moniteur*, which revealed Napoleon's intention of making Egypt a French colony, hastened the rupture. Napoleon, in his exasperation, said to Lord Whitworth he would make war for fifteen years. "That is a long time," quietly replied the ambassador. At the Council of State he said, "I cannot think that the English really intend to go to war. They are not in the habit of beginning so (alluding to the king's message to parliament); they begin by making war, and talking about it afterwards." According to M. de Melito, the First Consul knew that England would not consent to give up Malta, so he insisted upon that concession all the more, as he knew it must involve a rupture; for after the signal failure he had made in attempting to bring

over England to his ambitious views, war was the only means by which he could extricate himself from his false position.

The English opened the war by putting an embargo on such French vessels as were in English ports. Napoleon revenged himself by a measure which M. de Melito designates as "violente et inusitée, même dans les guerres les plus acharnées." He made prisoners of war of all the English at that time in France who were upwards of eighteen years of age. The order was put into force with extreme rigour, and those who were thus deprived of their liberty did not regain it till the year 1814. But, above all, Napoleon directed his whole energies, time and money, in making preparations for a descent in England. Boulogne was the centre of these works. Yet M. de Melito says:

"It is doubtful if he ever seriously entertained the project of attempting that great enterprise; he was too enlightened a judge in such matters not to have seen the few chances of success that it presented; and under any circumstances, I do not think that he ever had an intention of going himself, and of risking his fortune and his life with so few probabilities of conquering."

"But he was obliged to occupy the imagination of the people: a pretence for assembling a large army at but a short distance from the capital, of surrounding himself with such a devoted force, and of having himself, if necessary, carried by it to the throne, was even still more essentially necessary."

The conspiracy of Georges Cadoudal, of Pichegru, and others, gave rise, according to M. de Melito, to infinite anxiety and real trepidation in the mind of Napoleon. He felt how impossible it was to conjure such plots by the simple action of the law, and he resolved to raise an impassable barrier between France and the Bourbons by a *coup d'état*. Talleyrand was, as usual, the genius that presided over the details. The assassination of the Duke d'Enghien was a first step; the establishment of the hereditary principle a second.

* In a conversation held with Joseph on the subject of the marriage of Lucien, on returning from one of his trips to Boulogne, he made use of the following remarkable words:—"You think you will be wanted whilst I am away? Well! what do I care for that? I shall not go to England, I will send Ney. Besides, I have another means: I shall only make an expedition into Ireland; I shall thus reduce every thing within the bounds of an ordinary war; I shall give back Ireland for Malta, and make peace." This, however, might have been said merely to keep Joseph in check.

ond; the assumption of the title of emperor the third.

Yet amid these rapid strides, consecrated by the Pope's presence, the new Emperor had cause for annoyance, vexation, and anxiety enough, not only in the troubles inseparable from the purple, not only in the hostility of England and other countries, but, worse than all, in the embarrassments caused to him by the members of his own family. The petty interference of princes and princesses alike in what they could not prevent was more characteristic of a low-bred family than a group destined to found a dynasty. The altercations with Joseph, prompted by the ladies, were often of the most violent character; and it was the same with others. Napoleon offered the crown of Lombardy to the eldest son of Prince Louis, but the father refused the honor. "So long as I shall exist," he said, "I will neither consent to the adoption of my son before he has attained the age fixed by the *Senatus Consultus*, nor to any arrangement which, by placing him, to my prejudice, on the throne of Lombardy, would give by so signal a favor further consistency to the rumors already in circulation on the subject of that child. I will consent, if you wish it, to go into Italy, but on condition that I shall take with me my wife and children."

This refusal, and the tone in which it was made, so exasperated the Emperor, that he seized the prince by the body, and ejected him violently out of the room.

Napoleon, thwarted by the members of his own family, raised the young Beauharnais and Murat to the highest honors. "The honors conferred on these persons," M. de Melito remarks, "were looked upon by the Emperor's brothers as an insult to themselves; yet had they no right to complain: they were the necessary consequence of their refusal to abet Napoleon in his designs. Thus the grievances kept accumulating on both sides, the interior of the Bonaparte family became more divided than ever, and so many favors of fortune showered upon it could neither suffice to satisfy personal ambition nor to bring about harmony or unity of views. From the very first, unexpected opposition had arisen, pretensions had manifested themselves, and hateful passions had taken possession of hearts which Napoleon had hoped to attach to himself by great benefits conferred, and which entitled him at least to their gratitude."

The hostile attitude assumed by the Continent upon the Emperor's elevation to the throne led him to give a new version of his long-continued but infructuous demonstrations against England:

"For now two years (he said) France has made the greatest efforts that can be demanded of her, and she has supported them. A general war on the Continent would not demand a greater. I have the strongest army, the most complete military organization, and I am already in the same situation that I should have to place myself in if a continental war took place. But in order to have been enabled to gather together such a body of troops in time of peace, to have twenty thousand artillery horses with their equipages complete, it required a pretext to create them and to bring them together, without alarming the continental powers; and this pretext has been furnished to us by the projected descent in England."

This was manifestly a misrepresentation. The Emperor continued his preparations at Boulogne long after this with renewed activity. He went thither himself to await the arrival of the combined fleets of France and Spain, who were to clear the Channel for the sailing of the expedition. Luckily, Admiral Calder fell in with the hostile fleet, and drove it into Corunna, after destroying the *San Rafael* of 84, and the *Firme* of 74 guns. M. de Melito says, that although every possible attempt was made to pass off the engagement as one of dubious success, it was generally felt that the protection of the combined fleets to the expedition when crossing the Channel had been for ever put an end to; and if a descent in England was to be effected, it must be by the armament from Boulogne alone, which was equivalent to admitting that it was no longer feasible.

One day, August 21st, the *générale* was beaten at Boulogne, and all the troops were received on board the embarkations. It was said that the combined French and Spanish fleets had put out from Corunna, and were in full possession of the Channel—the descent was about to take place. A few days after (August 28th), the whole body of troops that were at Boulogne, or that were scattered along the coasts, were on their way to the Rhine.

As to the combined fleet, it had in the meantime got out of Corunna truly enough, and it still reckoned thirty-three ships of war;

but instead of sweeping the Channel, it made the best of its way to Cadiz. There, when off Cape Trafalgar, it was met by the English fleet, who at once gave it battle. "This sanguinary engagement," says M. de Melito, "annihilated the French navy, which from that epoch has not raised its head again under the Imperial rule." It would hardly be believed that the *Moniteur* of the day preserved a total and most discreet silence as to the occurrence of so great a catastrophe as the destruction of twenty-two out of thirty-three French and Spanish men-of-war.

As far as the Emperor was concerned, the loss of his fleet affected him but little. It definitely postponed the descent on England, a project which, however much he may have wished to see carried out, he was, probably, never very sanguine of succeeding in; but the victory of Austerlitz more than indemnified him, by the halo of continental glory by which it environed him.

This victory and the loss of his fleet led him to direct his whole thoughts and attention to aggrandizement on the Continent.

"He meditated (M. de Melito tells us) coming to Rome, assuming there the title of Emperor of the West, having himself again crowned in that quality by the Pope, to whom nothing should be left but the spiritual-power, with a subsidy of some one or two millions; in fact as had often been recommended to him by Fontanes, to enact the part of Charlemagne over again. These propositions, without having been officially made to the Pope, were privately disclosed to him. But no sooner was he made acquainted with them than he communicated them to the cardinals at a meeting to which they were all convoked with the exception of Cardinal Fesch. This assembly unanimously declared that it was better to die than to live under such harsh conditions, and the Pope wrote a letter to the Emperor, as firm as it was moderate, to refuse his consent."

M. de Melito was with Joseph Bonaparte when the Prince was named King of Naples. The reign was inaugurated by a curious incident—the capture of Capri by the English.

"While the king was making his entrance into Naples, the English appeared in the Gulf with three ships of the line and several frigates, and an apprehension was entertained that they might mar the festival by bombarding the city. But such was not the object of their movements; they had a more serious project in view than the vain demonstration

of an insufficient force against the forts that defend Naples. They attacked Capri on the night of the 11th and 12th of May, and obtained possession of the place. The small garrison which we had in that island defended it bravely. The captain who commanded was killed, and the survivors surrounded with an honorable capitulation."

This was followed up by a descent on the coast in the Gulf of Sainte-Euphémie, between Nicastro and Amato. General Reynier occupied the heights which dominated over the river, but he committed the error of descending thence into the plain, "to drive the English back into the sea." The English waited to receive the onslaught, backed by their gun-boats. "Our troops advanced with their customary ardor, but they were taken aback by an unexpected movement made by the English; the front ranks were thrown into disorder, and falling back upon the rear, carried them away with them, and we were completely beaten." This is, perhaps, the most naïve account of a defeat that we ever perused. The art of giving a coloring to such appears to have been long ago exhausted, but it is now superseded by a greater novelty, which is the art of giving to a handful of men the credit of victories won by the hard fighting of thousands. The consequences, however, of General Raynier's defeat was a general insurrection throughout Calabria, which was not put down till Massena arrived with forces superior to those of the Italians, led by such men as Fra Diavolo and their Sicilian and English allies.

M. de Melito, in his quality of minister of the interior and chief of the municipal administration of Naples, "assisted" at the annual ceremony of the liquefaction of the blood of Saint Januarius. "Bad luck!" he says, "to the man who at that moment should have allowed the slightest manifestation of contempt for such a miserable piece of jugglery to escape, or who should have permitted himself to express doubts as to the reality of the miracle! he would most certainly have been torn to pieces by the mob."

The second volume of these interesting Memoirs concludes with the abdication of Joseph and the succession of Murat to the throne of Naples. M. de Melito himself is preparing to follow Joseph into new countries—the Iberian peninsula. It only remains for us to say, that memoirs like these, with these

of the Duke of Ragusa, the Emperor's confidential friend and counsellor, and those of M. Guizot, will do much to render a new biography of Napoleon a desideratum. It is manifest, that including even Scott and Thiers, no book with any real pretension to that character exists in the French, English, or any other language. It is at the same time a most mistaken notion that M. de Melito's opinion of Napoleon is not deserving of much importance, on account of "its discoloration of contempt." Any person who could have imbibed such an idea, or emitted such an opinion, cannot have carefully read, certainly not digested, the Memoirs before us. M. de Melito was pre-eminently Bonapartist. He was one of the first civilians, perhaps, in France who enjoyed the confidence of the rising young general; hence was he also enabled to detect the ambitious views of the future Emperor from their earliest dawn. He may have felt some partisanship for the brothers, both Joseph and Lucien, but he never appears

to have entertained any regret either for republic or for monarchy. It has been said that Napoleon's councillors professed their chivalrous devotion for him at the foot of his throne, and retired into their cabinets to write down their feelings of weariness, envy, and scorn. So it was to a certain extent with M. de Melito; admiring the man as he undoubtedly did, and carried away with thousands of others by his force of character and superiority of genius, he still was not blind to his faults, and he has not disguised the latter, whilst following out the course of the former, as his natural and legitimate theme. But "of discoloration of contempt" there is not a trace. There is throughout the whole of the first two volumes only one incident that we can see that is open to doubts as to discoloration of any kind, and that is the account of the *coup d'état* of the 18th and 19th Brumaire; but that account is among the few that were acknowledgedly obtained at second-hand.

WHAT THE BRAIN IS LIKE.—In all actions of the brain, as to volition, sensation, &c., you will find there is in the normal condition of health a constant production of a force—call it what you will—nerve force—viz., nervosa, or vis vitale. If not over exerted in any one direction, well-balanced health is the result; but if you now tire yourselves by exercise of the body, you are not fit for the labor of the mind. If you are exhausted and go to the opera, you do not enjoy music so much as if you were fresh. The same occurs if you have exerted yourself mentally by writing, you feel tired. This amount of brain force is a constant quantity, influenced, no doubt, by the health and strength of the system, I do not believe in any analogy or identity existing between nerve force and electricity. Still, as a matter of illustration, if you can fancy a cerebral "charge" equal to forty for the entire brain, but that to dilate the chest a force equal to twenty-two is required, or about half, then, if the animal is strong, respiration is sustained, but if weak, the nervous supply is less than this amount, and the animal sinks. Now suppose we take the parts separately, and take away the brain proper or cerebral lobes in very weak animals, this is followed by stoppage of respiration.—*M. Brown-Squard in Dublin Medical Press.*

RACHEL AND THE MARSEILLAISE.—At the time of the Revolution of the 24th of February,

Mademoiselle Rachel resided near the Porte Maillot. To enter Paris she was obliged to make her way through armed groups, who endeavored to keep their zeal at boiling pitch by singing the epidemical "Marseillaise." The contagion communicated itself to Mademoiselle Rachel, who was going into Paris with Mademoiselle Louise Collet. She commenced singing in the carriage, giving the hymn with the same intonation with which she afterwards brought it out on the stage. "One felt in the air," said Mademoiselle Louise Collet, when she related the incident to Béranger, "like a mighty breath of hope that bore along with it all youthful hearts." "I greatly fear," replied Béranger, who was no longer young, and who had as much good sense as genius, "I greatly fear we have been made to tumble down the stairs we should have walked down."—*Memoirs of Rachel.*

LONGWOOD, AND THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.—The *St. Helena Herald* of the 4th of March contains an ordinance of the governor, granting to the Emperor of the French, and his heirs in perpetuity, the lands forming the sites of Longwood and the tomb of Napoleon I. The lands in Napoleon's Vale, where the tomb is situated, comprise about twenty-three acres, while those of Longwood comprise about three. They recently belonged to private owners, and have been purchased by the Crown for the purpose of the present transfer, at a cost of £1,600 for the tomb, and £3,500 for the house.

From The New Monthly Magazine.
THE WILD-FOWL HUNTER.

At a distance of some two and a half miles from the mouth of the Vire, a little river of Normandy which loses itself in a marshy delta before reaching the sea, is the village of Maisy, built, like most of its contemporaries in the same province that are on the coast, so that the sea at high tide washes the thresholds of the houses. A mile beyond this village again, in the direction of Isigny, renowned for its butter, is a farm called La Cochardière, which in the year 1820 belonged to one Jean Montplet.

Jean Montplet from a cowherd had become a farmer and grazier, and was reputed worth some 500,000 fr. He had lost his wife, and had been left with an only son, at once his comfort and his misery. Alain Montplet was allowed to do precisely as he liked, and the consequence was that, when at ten years of age he was sent to the college of Saint-Lo, the discipline of the establishment was so utterly unsuited to his habits that his health gave way, and his father was obliged to let him return to his old pastimes, seeking bird's-nests in the downs, or buffeting the sea waves; for, as a mere child, Alain was renowned as a swimmer. He had become, indeed, partly amphibious, and was as much at home in the sea as on land.

There lived at this period of our history, somewhere about 1830, in a tumble-down, isolated hut near the mouth of the Vire, an aged hunter of wild-fowl. No one knew who he was or whence he came. He had arrived some twenty years before from the Manche, with his fowling-piece on his shoulder and his game-bag by his side, and he had installed himself in the deserted hut. He did no harm to any one, lived by the produce of his sport, and was left to follow his wild and dangerous avocation undisturbed. Like a Montmorency or a Coucy, he was known by the name of his property—Le Gabion.

The ubiquitous and inexhaustible Alexandre Dumas would have us believe that he was once wrecked off the coast of Calvados, and that he was sheltered for the night in this sea-side cabin. It was not tenanted at that time by "Le Gabion," but by Alain Montplet, who had grown up a man, and had succeeded the old huntsman in his property and his adventurous career. How this came to pass was, however, best known to a friend of his,

M. Cherville, the narrator of that admirable story "The Enchanted Hare." M. Cherville, we are told, also penned the equally interesting history of Alain Montplet, the *Chasseur de Sauvagine*, as the romancer calls him; the only omission he made was the dot over the "i." A. Dumas supplied it. This, to mystify the reader, or as a sop to those who give credit for all to his colleagues and none to himself, is, he avers, all that he did towards editing the romance with the above title.

Le Gabion was for some time the tutor of Alain Montplet. He taught him how to lay in ambuscade at night for wild-duck, how to wait till a snipe had made its third curve before he pulled the trigger, and never to fire at any wild-fowl till he could see its eye.

But even this exciting shore life did not satisfy the ardent nature of the youth. As time elapsed new wants made themselves felt. He would attend all the fairs of La Manche and Calvados to procure wherewithal to win the favor of beauty, and after his shooting, fishing, and swimming expeditions he would stand treat to all his male acquaintances at public houses. His father was liberal, but the rate at which Alain lived terrified even him. He was obliged to put a limit to his extravagance by stopping the supplies. But this only made Alain get into debt. When the creditors applied to Jean Montplet he discharged their bills, but he advertised in the departmental paper that he would pay no more. The resolve was heroic, but it failed in its effect.

Wherever a young man with prospects is concerned there are persons who will advance him money, even if they cannot be paid by father or son. They look to the property, and can calculate almost to a nicety when it will fall into their hands. There was such a man to be found even in so insignificant a place as Maisy. This man's name was Thomas Langot, but he was more commonly called Le Bancroche, for he was lame and deformed. The son of a fisherman, Langot had spent his life in making money. It was the only means by which he felt he could retort upon the world for the spite which he bore it. He had gone to Paris with two five-franc pieces in his pocket. He there became shoe-black, messenger, and finally a dealer in old clothes. The latter business he pursued steadily for ten years. He had only one object in view, and he never lost sight of it. He never

spent one sou in procuring aught but the bare necessities of life. At the end of the ten years he returned to Maisy the owner of 15,000 fr. He returned, as he went, on foot, and in appearance a pauper. He even sought and obtained hospitality at La Cochardière, which he left to take possession of an old ruinous habitation, the repairs of which he set about effecting himself. This accomplished, he opened a kind of grocery and general store, but his chief business was from the beginning directed in that channel in which shame for the transaction is the safeguard for the discretion of the borrower.

It was in such hands that Alain Montplet fell as naturally as a lark takes to a mirror. Langot had long had his eye upon him, and speculated as to where his education and habits would lead him. He advanced him money, and accepted his recognizances. As a means of payment, he recommended the youth to claim the maternal portion of the property. Alain for the first time shuddered as if he had been bitten by a viper. He was thoughtless, but not bad at heart, and the idea of really injuring his parent had never crossed his mind. He therefore for a time rejected the idea as not to be entertained for a moment. But necessity has no laws, his demands must be satisfied, new loans were effected, Langot became more pressing. The young man, driven to desperation, asked for his share of the property. The farmer, exasperated at this last act of ingratitude, cursed his son and forbade him the house.

Alain repaired in this conjuncture to the village Shylock, who was not at that moment in the best of humors. The mayor of the place had been interceding in favor of a niece, whose husband, a fisherman, had lately perished; and Langot, out of respect for his own criminality, which it was so necessary to cover with a veil of decency, had been obliged to receive the widow Jeanne-Marie and her orphan son into his house.

Langot recommended the young man to go to law with his father, and he did so. The father, in his immeasurable grief, divided his property into two parts; one part he turned into money, and the proceeds he handed over to a designing attorney of Isigny, Richard by name, and to whom Alain Montplet had been introduced by the usurer.

Between the two—usurer and attorney—

they left but little for the spendthrift, but it was enough to induce him to go and see the metropolis—the capital of the world to every true provincial. Langot encouraged his proceeding there; the more rapidly Alain spent his money, the better for him; and as to the poor father, heart-broken by the loss of his wife, and still more so at the ingratitude of his son, he had shut himself up in La Cochardière, and it was manifest to all that he would never come out again a living man.

Alain was, in the mean time, leading a joyous life in Paris with the crowns of Jean Montplet. It is not our object here to describe that life; the career of prodigals is always the same,—“la table, le jeu, les femmes.” Alain passed a year in Paris; if you divided four months for the Maison d’Or, four months for Frascati, and four months for the quartier Breda, you would have the topographical history of his life during that year.

A spoiled child, accustomed as a youth to have his own way, and with coarse, vulgar manners, Alain was sure to pick up many quarrels in the capital. Two of these entailed serious results.

The first occurred at a ball at the Opera. Being drunk, he struck a young man who had given his arm to a lady whose favors he was himself seeking to win. At seven o’clock next morning Alain was woke up by the announcement that two gentlemen wished to see him. He only grumbled. He had supped afterwards at the Maison d’Or, and had forgotten the ball at the Opera, the lady, and the quarrel. The strangers civilly reminded him of the facts of the case. They politely insinuated that things were not done in Paris as at Maisy; that M. Hector de Ravennes recognized the superior strength of the young countryman, but he claimed his revenge in his own fashion, and M. Alain Montplet was invited to find two witnesses, and to be at nine the next morning in the Allée de la Muette. He could bring his swords, his adversary would bring his. They would draw lots as to which should be used.

A light gradually burst upon the intellect of the young man as the explanation proceeded; he felt that it was a serious matter, and that his life was concerned. Above all, he had never handled a sword, and the prospect, therefore, of a combat with such weapons was not inviting. He had not even practised with pistols, but he was an excellent

shot with a gun; a pistol came nearest to it, and he proposed pistols. But thereupon it was observed to him that he had given the blow, and the choice of weapons lay with the party insulted. Alain had no alternative but to seek for two friends. He was not long in finding them. Most people have less repugnance to act as seconds than as principals in a duel. He consulted them as to what was to be done in such a dilemma. Their counsel was to go at once to a certain Grisier, *maitre d'armes*, Faubourg Montmartre, No. 4, who gave what he himself designated as lessons of defence.

Alain was as obstinate with the professor as he was with every one else. M. Grisier intimated that M. Hector de Ravenne, upon seeing his ignorance of the art of fencing, would not assassinate him, he would simply wound him, and, if he would abide by his instructions, he might even make it a scratch. But Alain insisted upon being taught to place himself on guard in a scientific manner. He did not care, he said, if he was killed, so long as he was not laughed at for his ignorance. "Well, it will be a pity if he kills you," said the dabbler in foils; "let us try a little."

Thanks to his rustic muscles, Alain was able to take a lesson of three hours's duration, and at the expiration of that time he could put himself on guard as if he had had ten years of a *salle d'armes*. From the fencing-master's he went to Devisme's, where he purchased two swords, of the description vulgarly known as *colichemardes*.

"The next morning, at eight, he was up and dressed, awaiting his friends.

"They came in a hack, bringing with them a young surgeon, their friend.

"At a quarter before nine, Montplet, his two witnesses, and the surgeon, entered into the *Allée de la Muette*.

"The appointment was for nine o'clock.

"At five minutes before nine a carriage made its appearance at the end of the avenue.

"It came on at a rapid pace.

"Three young men got out of the carriage.

"These three young men were M. Hector de Ravenne and the young men who had waited the day previously upon M. Alain Montplet. Witnesses and adversaries saluted one another courteously.

"Then the witnesses met, examined the weapons, recognized their efficiency, and tossed a louis in the air for the choice.

"The witnesses of Alain Montplet won the choice. They naturally selected the swords purchased at Devisme's.

"One of the witnesses presented them, the one crossed over the other, to M. de Ravenne.

"He took one, the other remained for Alain Montplet.

"M. de Ravenne took the sword and tried its metal on his boot.

"Then turning to his witnesses:

"It is an excellent sword," he said, "I prefer it to my own."

"Permit me then, sir," said Alain Montplet, "before we know what we shall each do with the one we hold, that I present you with the pair."

"M. de Ravenne bowed without answering. The blow he had received weighed too heavily upon him to permit him to be more than ordinarily civil.

"One of the witnesses brought the two points of the swords in contact, and as the ground had been fairly allotted in respect to the sun, he took a step backwards, saying:

"Go on, gentlemen!"

"Alain Montplet, unmindful of the professor's lesson, placed himself on guard, as if he had been a match for M. de Ravenne.

"And as M. Grisier had forewarned him, this academical attitude was his ruin.

M. de Ravenne took a step backwards.

"What did you tell me," he said addressing his witnesses, "that monsieur had never used a sword? Why he has a guard like Saint George's!"

"Then assuming the defensive himself, he added:

"It is a pity; I intended only to wound him. I shall be obliged to kill him."

"The contact of steel was heard, a moment afterwards M. de Ravenne's sword was seen to glide like a snake, its owner striking, and recovering himself in less time than lightning takes to shine and go out.

"Alain Montplet's shirt was bathed in blood, but he remained upright; it seemed as if one blow did not suffice to tumble down the colossus. But quickly a red froth came to his lips, he stretched out his arms, let fall his sword, and his feet giving way beneath him, he fell, like an oak beneath the axe of the woodsman.

"The witnesses beheld the fall of the young man with the emotion which is generally experienced at such scenes.

"Then turning round and addressing the four together:

"Gentlemen," said M. de Ravenne, "have I acted as a man of honor?"

"Yes," answered the four witnesses, as with one voice.

"Could I act otherwise, after such an insult as that I received?"

"No," was the same unanimous reply.

"In that case, may the blood that is spilt fall on the head of the provoker."

"The witnesses bowed as if the wish would soon be fulfilled, and M. de Ravennes getting into his carriage with his friends, left Alain Montplet, motionless as a dead body, in the hands of his two friends and of the young surgeon."

Messrs. Cherville-Dumas do not tell us if the Hector of the Opera ball took away the *colichemardes* with him. As to Alain Montplet, after having had blood let pretty freely, he was removed to the pavillon de Madrid, the guardian of which is so accustomed to incidents of the same kind that he has always a room ready.

Alain Montplet's wound was not, however, fatal, although the sword had penetrated the lung, and, thanks to a young and vigorous constitution, he was on his legs again in three weeks, and as well as ever in a month.

But his mind became possessed with an idea from that time forward, which was so strong that it almost excluded all others. His funds were getting low. Langot had positively refused to provide for his extravagance any longer; in fact, he had, according to the usurer's view of the matter, eaten up his share of his patrimony, and he felt that if he left Paris without having given back to a Parisian as much as he had received, he should have what they called in the provinces "*le dernier*" of it. Now Alain particularly flattered himself with never having the last of a thing.

He applied accordingly to M. Grisier, to ascertain in how long a time he might expect, with assiduity, to become as skilful in the use of the sword as M. de Ravennes.

"Two years," was the rejoinder; "and then you must work very hard indeed."

"I must take to the pistol, then," said Alain. "I can learn that in eight days."

So he jumped into a cab and drove to Gosset's shooting-gallery, and there he worked with such intentness of purpose that in a week he was able to go through the performances of an expert, tumble over an egg, break a pipe, and double and triple his balls. Unfortunately the opportunity of obtaining his revenge did not present itself. He had received the last twenty-five louis that Langot would send him. He began to think that he should return to Maisy with "*le dernier*." He determined, under such a conjuncture, to try if he could not prolong the period of his stay

in Paris by gambling. So he repaired with his twenty-five louis to the nearest gambling house he was acquainted with. Arrived there, he sat down at a table with a strange officer, half-Italian, half-Polish, who had often played against him, but with uniform good luck. This time, the idea of the last twenty-five louis being at stake, made Alain unusually sensitive. He thought that his antagonist was not playing fairly.

"Of the twenty-five louis there already remained only fifteen, and he risked them upon one hand.

"The officer turned up the king of clubs.

"Neither he nor his adversary had as yet taken up their cards.

"Alain Montplet placed his hand upon his antagonist's cards.

"The cards must not be touched," said the officer.

"Excuse me, sir," replied Alain, "but if you have not three trumps in your five cards I am in the wrong, and make my apologies beforehand."

"And if I have three trumps in my five cards?" observed the officer, in a tone of defiance.

"Then not only I should not make apologies to you," said Alain, "but I should say—"

"What would you say?" thundered the officer.

"Alain turned over the cards.

"The officer's hand contained the queen, the knave, and the ten of trumps.

"I should say," persisted Alain, "that you are a cheat."

"The officer took up the cards, and threw them at Alain's face.

"Good!" said the latter; "who touches strikes, and he who is struck has the choice of arms; I shall be obliged to return to Maisy, but I shall not take '*le dernier*' with me."

The quarrel had caused a commotion, a group had assembled, and before the parties separated it was agreed that they should meet the next morning at eight. Alain Montplet had selected pistols, and the Allée de la Muette. He wished to have his revenge where he had been himself defeated.

"At eight o'clock they were on the ground.

"The pistols, when examined, were found to fulfil all necessary conditions.

"It was decided that the adversaries should place themselves at a distance of forty paces, and walk the one upon the other.

"Each was to stop after having advanced ten paces. The real distance then was twenty yards.

"In the case of a duel the paces are of three feet.

"The adversaries were placed at the distance agreed upon.

"The pistols were loaded by a 'garçon de tir' [the attendant at a shooting-gallery], and one was placed in the hands of each.

"Then stepping back, the two witnesses who handed the pistols to the two antagonists said at the same moment :

"March!"

"At this word of command, Alain and the officer advanced towards one another.

"At the end of ten paces, each raised his pistol and fired.

"Only one explosion was heard.

"Alain staggered, but retained his feet.

"The officer turned twice round upon himself, and then fell with his face to the ground.

"Each second ran to his principal.

"Alain had received his antagonist's ball on his chin; it had flattened there, as if it had struck a sheet of iron.

"The bone was laid bare but not broken.

"The force of the blow had, however, made him stagger.

"The officer had been shot right through the heart.

"He was killed dead.

"There is no great harm!" said the four witnesses. "It is only one swindler the less, that is all."

The same evening Alain sold his watch, and the next day he started on his way to Maisy. He had been two years in Paris, and in those two years he had managed to make away with nearly two hundred thousand francs. Yet he was, like all prodigal sons, kindly received at home. Jean Montplet only saw his son, and was willing to ignore the ungrateful spendthrift. Nor did the latter communicate to his father the ruinous extent of his obligations to Langot. The father only saw that he was melancholy, and proposed marriage as a relief. But upon that subject Alain was as obstinate as upon most others. His knowledge of women had been limited to a class, and he confounded the sex in his reprobation of individuals. While the question was being still mooted, however, by the old man, whose only wish was to see his son settled, Jean Montplet was suddenly called away to his fathers by a violent attack of gout. The village Shylock then came down upon the property like a wolf upon the fold. He was armed with from thirty to thirty-five titles, establishing his claim to some eighty-seven thousand francs.

Alain had no idea that he had borrowed so much, but there were the bills there to prove the fact, and nothing remained but to hand over La Cochardière to his pitiless creditor, and to walk forth into the world—beggared, without a sou.

The ill-regulated, passionate temper of Alain Montplet was little suited to such a reverse of fortune. He sought the solitude of the sea-shore to devour his anger. He rolled himself on the sand in a paroxysm of desperation, and, luckily for him, tears of vexation came to his relief, or the end might have been prompt and dismal. He got up a calmer, if not a better man, and mechanically he took the way to the hut which had been for so many years his head-quarters when shooting wild-fowl. As he approached he heard Pavillon, the old sportsman's dog, howling in an ominous manner. The sound was in harmony with his feelings. Had it been the voice of a man in distress, he would probably have turned aside. Impelled by the instinct of curiosity, he advanced to the door, and lifted up the latch. The dog recognized him, but did not cease its lugubrious howling. Alain called le Père Gabion by name, for night had come on, and within the hut all was in utter darkness. Obtaining no answer, he groped his way to the old man's bed-side, and he found that he was there, but he was motionless, and he felt at once that he must be asleep or dead. The fire in the chimney was out, but the cinders were still hot. Alain was as much at home, if not more so, at the hut than at his La Cochardière. He soon collected some dry reeds and bits of wreck, and, blowing with his mouth, got up a flame. By the tremulous light thus produced Alain once more approached the bed. The aged hunter of wild-fowl was really dead. The dog was licking his face.

Alexandre Dumas entertains some very uncomfortable notions upon the subject of death, which are worthy of psychological analysis by the able author of "Thanatos Athanatos." With Dumas it is always the mysterious, the unknown, that is brought prominently forward. According to him, even the vicious and hardened Alain Montplet fell on his knees before death. "There is," he says, "a majesty in death that curbs the brow of the most obdurate, the knees of the most stiff-necked: it is the majesty of the unknown!"

When Alain passed the night by the fire-side, feeding the lurid flame with reeds and sticks, Dumas says :

"He seemed to be absorbed in studying that great enigma which will be for ever unknown to men : What is death ?"

The morning light betrayed a paper lying on the table. It was a kind of testamentary document, which threw no light on the antecedents of the old hunter. But it requested whoever should first come in to bury his corpse in the sand of the sea-shore that he had loved so well, and if he was in want of it, he might inherit his hut. This was just the thing for Alain ; he took a spade and dug a hole at one of the old hunter's favorite stations, and then he went back to fetch the body. The dog followed it to the grave, and then returned to the hut with Alain. He seemed to consider it as a matter of course that the man who had buried his late master must be his future one. As for Alain, he said to himself, "I am ruined, without a home, without a friend ; I cannot kill myself ; I will accept the home which Providence sends me, and I will for the future be simply a hunter of wild-fowl."

Alain Montplet hated mankind and woman-kind alike. With the exception of his own parent, whom he had never known how to appreciate, he had only known the vicious and the reprobate of both sexes, so that it would have been difficult to say which he despised most. Under these circumstances, the new career which he proposed to himself had one great comfort—he would have nothing to do with humanity, beyond the dealer in wild-fowl from Isigny.

All that remained to Alain at this moment, besides his gun and clothes, were a few jewels. He went to Isigny and disposed of these, and with the proceeds he bought a bed, a table, four chairs, some kitchen utensils, a shooting costume, and powder and shot sufficient for a year's consumption. He had resolved that his visits to Isigny or to Maisy should be as few and as far between as the visits of—what he was not—an angel.

Once comfortably installed in his lonely hut, Alain gave himself up with ardor to his new profession. The exposure and exercise, the long walks and still longer night-watches, kept his mind from gloomy thoughts, and fatigue enabled him to obtain repose when otherwise he might have been worried by the

memory of the past. He would pass whole weeks at the mouth of the Vire, would sleep there, eat there, live there for weeks together, shooting snipe, curlew, plovers, and other birds by day, and at night lie in wait for wild-geon, teal, and duck.

Time passed on in this way till November, 1841, came round, and Alain prepared to go and look out for the night on the so-called "Eastern Sands," which were about two leagues beyond Maisy. It was a gloomy, threatening-looking evening, and after he had put on his great boots, his south-wester, and his well-oiled canvas coat, after he had taken up his long fowling-piece, cast his night-cloak over his shoulder, and gone forth with Pavilion, who never forgot to visit his old master's grave, he saw that there would be a storm. The wind kept rushing from various points by fits and starts, the waves were long and deep—rising gradually mountains high. The sky was dark, with a blood-red streak.

Alain had to pass by Maisy, and when doing so he found the greater part of the population of the place assembled on the beach. The women were for the most part on their knees, praying. The men were busy bringing down a boat on rollers upon the chance of being able to launch it through the breakers. Langot was among the spectators, and he seemed even more anxious than the rest. Three fishing-boats had gone out that fatal evening, and Langot was peculiarly interested in more than one. But if the old usurer was vexed, the young widow Jeanne-Marie, who was there too, was in perfect despair. Under the pretext that he could not feed idle mouths, Langot had sent her only son, still a mere boy, on board of one of those very fishing-boats not many days back.

The arrival of Alain Montplet amidst this anxious group was variously viewed. Some thought he could best say if the tempest was likely to last, and if the boats could live in the sea, or gain the shore. Others looked upon him with distrust, as a sort of bird of ill omen. Among the latter was Langot, who, rendered superstitious by terror, positively looked upon his appearance as the signal for some impending and irretrievable disaster. It is perhaps needless to say, that the wild man of the shore bore no kindlier feeling to the cunning Shylock of the village, nor did he attempt in any way to conceal his hatred. As he looked

at his successor at the Cochardière, his eyes, indeed, lighted up with the flames of the angry passions that burnt within.

Half an hour elapsed, the men had got down the boat to the borders of the ocean, the women were still in the agony of anxiety, when a voice was heard through the wind and the storm. It was that of Alain Montplet, who had continued his route in a westerly direction.

"To the rescue, all!" shouted the hunter; "they are on the coast, on the bank of Pleinesève!"

Every one rushed in the direction indicated. Jeanne-Marie at the head, her golden tresses loose in the wind, and bathed with rain and spray. Jacques Henin, the most renowned fisherman of the coast, who had once been a quarter-master on board a man-of-war, began, with the help of Alain and a band of hardy sailors, to drag the boat along the beach. Langot alone remained behind. He was so terrified that his legs refused to carry him.

Great was the tumult and confusion at the angle of the coast where the crowd came nearest to the bank of Pleinesève. Jeanne-Marie had discerned that it was the *Sainte-Thérèse*, the very vessel that bore her son.

"My child! my child!" she ejaculated, throwing herself upon her knees, "my dear little Jean-Marie! Our most gracious Saviour, our good Lady of Deliverance, have pity on my child!"

The unfortunate vessel was in a most precarious position. Cast upon the bank, every sea broke over her, and, one after another, her crew disappeared before the very eyes and amidst the very shouts and sobbings of the assembled multitude.

The boat had at last arrived, and Jacques Henin, selecting eight of the stoutest hands, launched her through the breakers. But, alas! she had not made a few yards before the tremendous billows threw her over, as if she had been a shell, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the gallant crew regained the beach. Three different times did the old quarter-master try to force a way through those billows,—just as often was he baffled.

In the mean time the number of men on the shipwrecked vessel kept on diminishing. One body was seen to repose upon another. Death mounted in stories. There were only two remaining. One of them was Jean-Marie.

"To think," said the old quarter-master, ruminating aloud, "that we should be obliged to stand here, and see our fellow-creatures perish before our eyes without the means of succor. It is indeed distressing! But not a boat could go except with its keel upwards. Perhaps a swimmer might reach the wreck, but he must be as strong as ten men."

The mother had caught the old mariner's words. Her eyes turned upon Alain. He was the most expert swimmer on the coast. Rushing up to him, she threw herself at his feet and prayed him to attempt the rescue of her child. It was impossible to resist her pitiful entreaties. Alain felt all his simulated hatred of his race vanishing from his bosom.

"Well, be it so!" he exclaimed; "make fast a rope, and I will see if I can reach them."

"Do not go," said Henin; "you will assuredly perish."

"Monsieur Alain! Monsieur Alain!" ejaculated the widow, "save my child!" And she embraced the young man.

"Courage, Alain! courage!" shouted out the crowd.

"Well, if you must go, I will go with you," said Henin, beginning to strip.

"No, no," interrupted the hunter, "that won't do. Remember you have children. I have no one, not even a friend."

"Nonsense," said the old quarter-master; and, French fashion, he also embraced the youth.

"Alain advanced into the water up to his middle, preparing himself like an athlete for the struggle.

"He then waited till the first wave came to him.

"It arrived: monstrous, roaring, terrible.

"Instead of flying from it he threw himself before it, dived boldly at its base, and, carried away by the backwater, reappeared some sixty yards from the beach.

"'Bravo! bravo!' shouted the old quarter-master; 'the boy knows what he is about, and now I have seen him at work I bet my life against a quid that he will get there.'

"'Courage, Alain! courage!' shouted all together.

"The mother alone did not shout.

"She was on her knees, crying and praying, overwhelmed by the immensity of her anxiety, so little proportioned to her own light, delicate frame. She had not even strength to look.

"As to the fishermen, they followed Alain's movements with anxiety mingled with pride.

"The spectacle of devotion has in it that which is remarkable, it raises even the spectators in their own estimation.

"Add to this, the young man was worth looking at. He swam with unwonted vigor, repeating his first manœuvre whenever the occasion demanded it.

"Soon the space that separated the swimmer from the vessel was diminished, and Alain was seen to grapple with the rocks on which it had struck.

"A little more and he was seen to stretch out a hand to grasp the sides of the boat.

"At that moment a tremendous sea rolled over, and nothing farther was seen—swimmer, vessel, and wrecked had all disappeared.

"It was one of those terrible moments of anxiety impossible to describe. That anxiety was indeed at its full at that moment, complicated as it was with the danger run by Alain, and the hopes to which his daring had given rise.

"Once more the vessel righted herself.

"The boy attached to the mast still lived!

"The height at which he had been made fast caused him to be immersed under the water, as each successive wave broke over the vessel, for much less time than the others, and this was why the weakest had survived the others.

"Reassured as to the fate of the child, all eyes sought for Alain.

"Not a heart beat, not a breast heaved.

"The widow had raised herself to her full height. Her arms stretched forth towards the sea, she panted without saying a word, without even the strength to pray.

"Suddenly a black form was seen beyond the vessel in the direction of the open sea.

"It was Alain.

"He was endeavoring to regain the boat, beyond which the sea had thrown him.

"He did so with better luck this time; he clambered on the deck, and making the line fast to the mast, drew in by it, as had been prearranged with Henin, a stout rope.

"Then mounting the rigging, he set the child free. He was too cold and exhausted to help himself.

"Loosening him from his fastenings, he placed the boy on his back, got down took hold of the cable, and began to make his way back to the beach.

"At that moment every thing ceased on that shore: breathing, palpitations of the heart, encouragements, prayers.

"The return was long, painful, and perilous.

"Ten times did the poor child let go, and he would have been each time infallibly carried away by the sea had it not been for the

precaution which Alain had taken of fastening him with a sliding knot to the cable.

"As Alain and the child came nearer to the beach, Jeanne-Marie mechanically moved towards them.

"When Alain was within twenty paces of the beach she could restrain herself no longer, but rushed into the sea to meet them.

"Luckily she did not lose her feet.

"Alain placed the boy in her arms."

There was no chance for the misanthrope after such an exploit. However uncongenial he may have for a time imagined it to be, he tacitly felt the gratification of being a man beloved by his fellow-creatures. It softened his heart, and he accepted an invitation to enter the old quarter-master's house. There the scene of domestic happiness, of a kind and attentive wife, and of a happy family, had a further influence upon him. Henin had much conversation with the recluse also as to his worldly affairs. In a remote village like Maisy, it was not likely that every fact connected with Jean Montplet, La Cochardière, and Alain, was not perfectly familiar to all. Henin had much to communicate to Alain Montplet upon that subject. He had overheard a conversation by which he felt convinced that Langot and Alain's attorney, Richard, had been accomplices in a plot to ruin him. The difficulty was to arrive at proofs, and Henin recommended to Alain a very novel, and to him a very disagreeable alternative, that of establishing acquaintance with Langot's niece—the young widow Jeanne-Marie.

The wild-fowl hunter returned to his hut that evening an altered man. All that he had gone through had not been without its effect upon his half-savage nature. He had never before imagined what the principle of maternity was till he had seen it developed in the person of Jeanne-Marie. That person was also very fair and comely. The instincts thus aroused had been further developed by what he had witnessed in the quarter-master's cottage. That night Alain Montplet felt a void in his heart. He felt that man was not born solely for self—that it was not good to be alone.

Whilst still in this impressionable state of mind, and only the day after the rescue, he was surprised by the arrival at his lonely hut of a handsome boy with a packet in his hand. At first he did not recognize the new comer, but the boy soon set him right.

"What, not know me, Monsieur Alain? I am Jean-Marie—the boy you rescued from the deep yesterday."

Explanations soon followed. Langot, to whom all so-called human weaknesses were utterly unknown, had resolved that the boy should be sent back to sea that very day. A quarrel had ensued, and Langot had beaten both mother and son. To save the latter, it was resolved that he should seek a home with the wild-fowl hunter.

Flurried as Alain thus was by the pressure of events, he was not in his then temper of mind prepared to resist. The boy was received in the hut open-armed, and the two soon became inseparable companions. The mother stole away at times also from the usurer's to the hut on the sea-shore to see her son. Alain naturally participated in these interviews, and what between gratitude on one side and respect on the other, an intimacy grew up between the young widow and the wild-fowl hunter of a very warm description. Henin watched its progress; that woman, he thought, would be the saving of the recluse and the misanthrope; and he rubbed his hands with glee at the thought of being an instrument, however indirect, in securing the happiness of a man for whom he had a strong regard amidst all his eccentricities and vagaries.

An incident soon happened which brought affairs to a crisis. The implacable Langot discovered the boy's hiding-place, and found that an intimacy had sprung up between his niece and his enemy—Alain—a man whom he detested all the more heartily because he had so grievously wronged him. He ascertained that Jeanne-Marie was in the habit of paying secret visits to the hut, and in his passion he drove her away from his roof. The good-hearted old quarter-master received her in his cottage and gave her a home. But he had a wife and eleven children to provide for, and, although he would not acknowledge it, he felt the burden. So he determined to sound Alain to ascertain what progress the widow had made in his affections, and, if an opening presented itself, to bring matters to an issue. Unfortunately, although the wild-fowl hunter's character had undergone a very great change, he was still so obstinate in his hatred of man and woman, he was so exasperated at his beggary, and so corrupted by what he had witnessed in the capital, that he was not yet prepared to embark in matri-

mony. A further unexpected incident came, however, to crown the brave old mariner's intentions with success, and to secure the future welfare and happiness of the demi-savage.

The boy Jean-Marie, young as he was, had long suspected the state of things that existed between his protector and his mother. He had overheard scraps of conversation also between Henin and them, which told him that all was not as it ought to be. He loved Alain, he loved his mother still more dearly, and he determined that they should be father and mother to him.

One day our hunter had gone out to a bank that was only laid bare during the very lowest tides. Even then, being some five miles from the Vire, it was surrounded by an arm of the sea, and was only accessible by boat. Alain had fastened his to an oar stuck into the sand, and had been some time engaged in the busy pursuit of game, when he perceived that he was not alone on the island; Jean-Marie was also there.

"What brought you here?" he said, gruffly, to the boy.

"The fishermen of the *Mouette* gave me a lift, seeing that I had business here."

"Business with what—with the porpoises?" replied Alain, aroused into a bitter humor.

"No," said the boy, so quietly and composedly that the rude hunter almost quaked, "business with you."

"Business with me! why, could you not speak to me any moment at the Gabion?" he said, however, really surprised.

"No; I wished to speak to you here, and not elsewhere. I tell you what it is, Monsieur Alain: my mother loves you; she has done so ever since you saved my life. I love you also. My mother has been turned out of house and home on your account and on mine. I must make a sacrifice for her, as one of the unintentional causes of her misfortune. You must also make one on your side. Monsieur Alain, you must marry my mother, or I will die for her and for you."

"You are a good little fellow, and I love you with all my heart," said Alain; "but they were very stupid those who sent you here to play the heroics, and try to make a fool of me."

"No one sent me here," replied the boy, looking the hunter full in the face with a look half of affection and half of indignation. "I

came by the promptings of my own heart, and by my own firm resolve."

"And how are you going to die?" inquired Alain, still doubting, yet interested.

For an answer the boy waived his hand towards the sea.

Alain looked round. It was too true; he had forgotten that the tide was coming in. The sea was rushing, like a herd of wild horses, in every direction, and the island, at first a mile and a half in extent, was no longer half a mile.

"Do you think," said Alain, awakened by what he saw to the sense of the perilous position in which both stood, "that I shall let you stop here to be drowned?"

"Yes," replied the boy. "Unless you promise me to marry my mother, I will not budge a step."

It was Alain's turn now to entreat and beg. He loved the boy; he could not see him perish thus. He tried to seize him round the waist and carry him off to the boat, but Jean-Marie was young and active, and would not allow himself to be captured.

"Stop!" at last exclaimed Alain.

"That depends upon you," replied the boy.

"Well, stop then," continued the hunter; "I will do all that you wish me to do. It is impossible," he added to himself, "but that a mother so beloved by her son must be the best of wives, even to a savage like myself."

"Do you swear it?" said the boy.

"Yes, I swear it," replied his friend and protector. And the boy threw himself into his arms and bathed his bosom with tears.

"Ah! Monsieur Alain," he sobbed, "I swear also that my mother and I will do all in our power to make you happy."

"Well, let us make haste, then," said Alain. "I fear we shall have to swim for it now to reach the boat."

Together they ran to the beach: no boat was there. Alain was the first to perceive it. The tide had lifted up the oar, and the boat was going away with the current more than a mile away. Father and son fell down on their knees, no longer on the sand: they were in the water.

When they had finished their prayer, they rose up. Dark and gloomy was the prospect before them. It was that of slow but certain death.

"It is hard to die," said the boy, "when I was going to carry good news to my mother.

But you can swim," he continued turning round to Alain; "make the best of your way to land at once."

"However good a swimmer he might be, no man could confront that current," replied the hunter, shaking his head; "nor would I go without you."

"Nonsense," said the boy; "try it. What am I? a useless boy; you will befriend and support my mother who has no home. Go and tell her I died blessing her."

Alain pressed the boy to his bosom.

At that moment a boat was seen in the horizon.

"Oh, Heavens!" exclaimed the hunter, we are saved! A boat is coming to our succor!"

Jean-Marie, in his joy, burst into tears.

"What happiness for my mother," he said, "if we are saved." He only feared death for the grief that it would have caused to his mother.

But, lo! the boat came up to within some thousand fathoms of the bank. The crew must have seen the victims, when apparently, without reason, it passed on, leaving them unrelieved. Great was the horror, and still greater the exasperation, of the hunter. He hurried off his clothes and determined to swim after the recreant bark.

Jean wept bitterly.

"It is our only chance," said Alain. "I will perish, or I will bring the boat to save you."

Once more they embraced, and the hunter took to the gloomy ocean. Night was coming on apace. The man was baffling the waves, followed by his faithful dog Pavilion. The boy was on the beach kneeling in the tide and praying. It was a sad scene.

We have already told what a bold and expert swimmer was the hunter. But he had now a current that was more than man could resist to fight against. He struggled long and bravely against it. He was young, strong, and hardy; he had now new-formed resolutions at stake, which, being good, gave him unwonted vigor; but it was all in vain. He kept ever losing ground. Darkness came on, and he was lost in space. His dog alone was still by his side. But the strength of both was gradually giving way. They had been now nigh an hour and a half battling with the waves and the current. Alain's movements were no longer so determined; he

was giving way to his fate. His senses were also becoming obtuse—almost indifferent to what was passing around him. But within him an inward life had become unusually active. All the scenes of his childhood passed in rapid succession before his consciousness—La Cochardiére, his good old father, his innocent enjoyments, his corrupted youth, the vices of Paris, his duels, the Gabion, the wreck, all came and went, and seemed to die away in the pale face of the expiring boy and the ineffable grief of the broken-hearted mother. One sound alone recalled him for a moment to a sense of the outward world. It was a deep howl from the dog. It, too, was giving a last farewell to the world.

The next morning Master Henin was taking his customary pipe in his garden, when a great noise was heard in the village. Soon his wife brought him word that Langot and the solicitor Richard had had a quarrel: the latter had resolved to expose the usurer's misdeeds, and the former had hung himself.

"The old crocodile!" said the quarter-master; "he is gone as he deserved."

But the quarter-master was far more serious than usual that morning. His thoughts had been distracted for a moment by the misadventure that had befallen the usurer, but they were not with him. He threw away his pipe, for which he manifestly no appetite that morning, and strolled down to the beach. Lo, in the distance he beheld an object such as he least expected to see. Looking and looking again, he became satisfied at last that it was the wild-fowl hunter, *in propria persona*—Alain Montplet—whom he believed to be lying very uncomfortably at the bottom of the sea. Hastening towards him, explanations soon ensued. Carried along by the current, just as he was losing all consciousness and ignorant himself as to where he was, Alain had been thrown up upon the beach. All he regretted was poor little Jean-Marie.

"Come to the cottage," said Henin, whose spirits seemed to have experienced wonderful relief since he had met with the hunter. "Come along!" And Alain followed almost mechanically.

Arrived in the garden, Henin took Alain to a window, and bade him look in. He did so, and starting back, he exclaimed:

"What do I see?"

Alain had seen Jean-Marie on a couch, and his kind, good mother tending him in his sickness.

The hunter fell on his knees, and thanked his Creator.

"And how has all this come to pass?" he said, when he had recovered himself, and could turn round to speak to Henin.

"If you were not a stupid fellow, always poking along the shore, wading in marshes, or creeping along sand-banks, you would know," said the old quartermaster. "The strongest current off the coast sets by that bank where you and Jean stood so helpless last evening. I had to double it in order to fetch you off, but you had not patience to wait. You took to the sea, and I had to bring off the boy alone. As to you, we thought you were drowned."

Alain pressed the hand of the old sailor, and hastened to embrace the mother and her devoted son.

Three months had not expired after the death of the usurer Langot before Monsieur and Madame Montplet, with their son Jean-Marie, took possession of La Cochardiére, where a splendid feast was given in honor of Henin, his wife, and his eleven children. The facts exposed by the solicitor were, that for every bill for a thousand drawn by Alain the usurer had substituted three, four, and even five thousand, just as he had been in the humor. The result was, that in reality only 37,500 francs had been borrowed. 60,000 francs had to be accounted for, and as Jeanne-Marie was heiress to Langot, she had the remainder—about 40,000 francs, and the farm La Cochardiére. The marriage acquitted the debt. Alain Montplet is now one of the quietest, steadiest farmers in Calvados, and Jeanne-Marie the comeliest wife in the department. Jean-Marie, now twenty-four years of age, is with his sister, who is only thirteen, one of the best "partis" of the country.

From The Saturday Review.
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

WE shall of course lose all caste with the extreme school of Shakspearolatrists if we confess to an inability to follow the transcendental critics, Ulrici and Tieck, in their interpretation of the *Merchant of Venice*. They affect—Ulrici especially—to find in the three parallel intrigues of this play a common moral purpose. Shakspeare's object was, we are told, to show that an entire and resolute consistency always leads to wrong. *Summum jus summa injuria*. Had the letter of the law been carried out with an iron and unflinching severity, the greatest evil would have been the result. Law must have a conscience, and must occasionally be strained—otherwise Shylock's claim for his bond would be impregnable. The parental relation is not to be stretched too tight, and therefore Jessica was right in eloping. A dead father's will, if carried out strictly, requires the immediate interposition of the god of love inspiring Bassanio to choose the lucky casket. The fair and witty Portia might have been Princess of Morocco had it not been for chance—a better arbiter of right and wrong practically than a father's will. This is as ingenious as it is nonsensical. If Shakspeare meant to teach the great moral lesson that slavish submission to the letter killeth, he has vindicated eternal morality by means absolutely immoral. Inhuman as is Shylock's cruelty, technical and unjust as was the Venetian reverence for the written law, either of these faults is as nothing in its immorality compared with the triumphant and insolent quibble by which Portia vindicates the high morality. Jessica's unnatural and immodest elopement is something worse than her father's rigid rule; and shocking to all sense as is Shylock's savage inhumanity, it is a virtue as contrasted with the compulsory baptism and unrighteous forfeiture of his goods which are enacted by the righteous laws of Venice. Ulrici is right in saying that *summum jus* may result in *summa injuria*, but he finds it inconvenient to notice that Shakspeare remedies the moral chaos by *injuria summissima*. If the *Merchant of Venice* has a moral, it is the very unsatisfactory one that young ladies may rob their father, and change their religion, and jump out of a window to the first man about town who ogles them, and that

the highest triumph of law is in a contemptible pettifogging quibble. We fairly believe that Shakspeare had no moral idea at all in this play. He got hold of a very silly Italian novel, and a wild and improbable story about a Jew, and in his earliest and worst manner he put the two stories together without any artistic purpose and with little skill. The play is a transitional one. The characters, with the exception of Shylock, are not strongly marked. The Shakspearian chronology is difficult enough; but we believe that *Romeo and Juliet*, in its present shape, is more recent than the *Merchant of Venice*. The question, however, is unimportant, and it matters but little whether the *Merchant of Venice* in its characterization anticipates or repeats the *Romeo and Juliet*. It is enough to remark that Jessica is but Juliet-and-water; Gratiano is but a poor edition of Mercutio; Antonio is literally a nobody, whose character is marked rather by epithets—the princely Antonio, the noble Antonio—than by any thing noble or princely that he says or does; and Portia, faintly—and, dare we say it, unpleasantly—recalls Beatrice.

The *Merchant of Venice* is, then, in our poor judgment, a much over-rated play. It contains two or three wonderful passages—the speech about mercy, the whole moral force of which, however, is utterly destroyed by the vulgar persecuting spirit in which Portia announces the compulsory conversion of Shylock—and the lines about the harmony of the spheres, which are utterly out of place in a nonentity so contemptible as Lorenzo. The absolute impossibility of any sane person entering into Antonio's revolting contract is so outrageous, that its monstrous extravagance prevents all real dramatic interest in the play. Its sublime is always tottering on the verge of farce. It is curious that when Shylock produces the scales, a laugh from the audience proves that the pathos has degenerated into the ridiculous. There can be no human sympathy for such a fool as Antonio, and Shylock himself so coarsely outrages the possible, that pity and terror, the chief objects of tragedy, are never fairly appealed to. In Shakspeare's highest works there is not a line or a character which can be eliminated. But Gobbo might be spared—Nerissa and her lover might be spared—and the connexion between the two

stories is coarse and inartificial. The truest criticism on Shakspeare is that which conceives him to be at least fallible, and which recognizes the mental growth of the myriad-minded poet.

Mr. Kean deserves unqualified praise for the care and reverential spirit in which he has placed the *Merchant of Venice* on the stage. The cycle of his great restorations would have been incomplete without this noble effort. Considering the capabilities of his restricted stage, the fact that he has gained so complete a scenic success is perhaps a more substantial triumph than any of his former revivals. Of course Venice demands a larger canvas. As far as the Princess's Theatre can go, we have the real Queen of the Seas; but it is through the inverted end of the telescope. The Place of St. Mark—the long lines of canal—the stately gondolas—are somewhat, however necessarily, out of scale. The rough, and so thoroughly English, part-song, "It was a lover and his lass," is out of keeping with the stately pleasure-house of Belmont and the refined Italian mind. We regard this interpolation as in questionable taste. The *mise-en-scène*—as the slang is—of the trial, however, is perfectly faultless. In costume, strict artistic grouping, in the delicate by-play of the assessors, there is nothing to desire—nothing in which the most carping criticism could detect a fault. It only shows to what straits we are driven, if, even in spite of Vecellio, we beg to doubt whether a Doctor of Law should not be, in full court, in scarlet. The transformation of Nerissa, "the waiting maid," from a pert *soubrette* to a graceful *dame d'honneur*, we pronounce to be a very commendable innovation.

It is now superfluous and unnecessary to vindicate Mr. Kean's claims to the highest station among the living professors of the histrionic art. We do not pretend to know all the traditions of the stage. Very likely the points in Shakspeare are, like the Oxford interpretation of Aristotle, traditional. We do not detract from Mr. Kean's merits by saying that he carefully preserves and hands on the accredited Shylock. But he is a conscientious and independent artist. He inter-

prets Shakspeare by nature. The mixed emotions could never be more finely rendered than in the extant Shylock of the Princess's Theatre. The scene with Tubal, the alternating passions of wild, fierce revenge, and the bursts of Jewish joy at the successive announcements of Antonio's losses, and of selfish rage at the details of Jessica's petulant extravagance, are not to be excelled. When a work of art is perfect, it is useless to go on multiplying formal phrases of eulogium. It is not Mr. Kean's finest effort, because Shylock is not Shakspeare's masterpiece; but all that can be done is done. If we were to single out points for commendation, we should say that the forced *bonhomme* of the early scene with Antonio, and the utter prostration, physical and intellectual, which follows the sentence, are even better than the more passionate bursts. Mr. Kean sustains his reputation. That reputation being at the highest, he has not added to it by his Shylock, because the best did not admit of better. Mrs. Kean's conception of Portia has long been admired, and her representation of the part is a great success of art. For true artistic rendering of the character, especially in the coquettish sparkling fun of the last act, the part exhibits her very highest gifts. Mr. Harley's Gobbo is first-rate; and the *debutante*, Miss Chapman, in a worthless character, exhibits a skill and a docile appreciation of her duties which render her a valuable addition to Mr. Kean's company. The ballet—but our judgment on this point is probably good for little—struck us as being very ungraceful.

By the way, that queer word "tranect," which occurs in this play, we think might possibly be "traject"—the same as in Ultraject, Utrecht. And Mr. Kean's annotator is wrong in stigmatizing Shakspeare's accentuation of Barabbas as "the pronunciation of the name usual to the theatre in his time," as though Bar'abbas were more correct. The modern pronunciation, Bārabbas, is certainly wrong—it is Bar-Abbas. We do not say that Shakspeare knew Hebrew; but the clergy of his time did, and they were quite right in saying Bār abbas, and Shakspeare followed them.

From The Saturday Review.
RISTORI'S LADY MACBETH.

It is needless to do more than to announce Signora Ristori's re-appearance in her famous part of Lady Macbeth. The very highest triumphs of the histrionic art do not admit of analysis or description. A work of art is to be felt rather than talked about. To those who have not seen this great actress, powers higher than our own in the way of description would be inadequate: while to those who have witnessed this sublime effort, the attempt would be quite superfluous. We thought that we detected a slight unsteadiness in the opening scene; but before the first speech was over, we were convinced that, if possible, Signora Ristori was excelling—at any rate, was equalling—herself. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the excellence of an actor is in being simply natural. The sculptures of a Greek frieze or pediment are no mere reproduction of common life. Tragedy is not common life, and first-rate acting exhibits many of the characteristics of the highest ideal art. The Italian artists, we believe, have somehow preserved the original and highest notion of the stage. The formal rhythmical intonation, so strange to English ears, at once elevates the drama to a higher conception than our actors take. The end of the drama is not to produce nature, but to idealize it. Because Signora Ristori is above nature, she vindicates her highest place as a dramatic artist.

Last year we ventured to point out some of the finest points of Signora Ristori's Lady Macbeth. Perhaps from familiarity with her general conception of the character we are enabled, on a second representation, to concentrate our attention on the varied points of her exquisite by-play; and we desire especially to remark her delicate apprehension of the dramatic situation after the guests are diminished from the banquet scene. The overwrought and complex emotions which were necessary during the banquet are subsiding. She is left alone with the partner and victim of her crime; and for his sake she speaks common words, hopeful and comforting. But the avenging Furies already possess her—the strong and terrible will begins to break down. The first stony gaze into the future opens; she resigns herself passively to the coming retribution; and with a loving and convulsive grasp she staggers off the stage to court that sleep which will never be granted to her. It is

the combination of spiritual despair and of human affection which the actress aims at suggesting, and all this is told by action only. Then, again, in the sleep-walking scene, nothing can exceed the mimetic power with which the whole detail of the murder is reproduced. She starts into half life as the great event presents itself to her shattered mind, and yet all the time her eyes are fixed in catalepsy. So, in the first act, the open mouth and glowing, almost sensual, anticipation of success with which she pictures her certain triumph in Duncan's murder—revelling almost in the murder before it was committed—is another effort, which, if not finer than, is in its way equal to, the famous gesture in which she plucks the infant from her bosom.

Ristori's visit is a rare opportunity of knowing what acting alone can do. A play put on the stage with the meanness and anachronisms of the St. James's Theatre enables us to judge what Burbage and even Garrick might have been. Here, all the interest centres in the acting; and with such acting as Signora Ristori's, we are quite independent of scene proprieties. The banquet scene would be improved by omitting the visible presentment of Banquo's ghost—a burly ghost in the flesh is as ridiculous as Elliston's dagger; and the Macbeth of the St. James's, by no means a contemptible actor, is quite equal to playing this scene, if the Ghost is—as Shakspeare certainly intended it to be—only present to the eye of the conscience.

As we have confined ourselves to a single aspect of Signora Ristori's powers, we cannot pass over her representation of Lady Macbeth without adverting to one more triumph of the pantomime. It is in the scene in which Macbeth describes the state in which the murdered Duncan was discovered. Lady Macbeth's affected horror and fainting at the details, her simulated shrinking and shuddering at the thought of blood—apparently so true to nature, and yet its insincerity displayed by a single lightning gleam of suspicion and doubt whether her irresolute husband might not betray himself—all this, without a single word spoken to convey its significance, elevates acting into something akin to a function of the plastic art. The results are, as we have said, those so seldom attained in their perfection by painter or sculptor. And as Signora Ristori really does address lovers and critics of art, her series of representations ought to be studied by others than the common run of play-goers. It is a disgrace to us to have to say that the theatre on Wednesday night was by no means crowded.

From The Saturday Review.

MR. DICKENS' READINGS.

ON Thursday night, Mr. Dickens gave a reading which presented a favorable opportunity for judging of the very remarkable powers with which he brings before an audience the creations of his own genius. Perhaps his success was not so great as on former evenings, when the continuity of a single story enabled him to work more strongly on the feelings of his hearers. But as on Thursday evening he read three distinct pieces of very different characters, the range of his efforts was much wider, and brought before the mind a greater variety of the classes of personages which he has depicted, and of the kinds of excellence at which he has aimed.

Any one who has seen Mr. Dickens act, must know that he has great physical capabilities and high mental qualifications for the art of representing dramatic characters. When, therefore, we criticise his reading, we must take it as perfectly understood that it was throughout so effective and interesting as to give him a perfect right to exhibit himself as a public reader, if this way of making money out of his works is agreeable to him. The first piece that he read on Thursday was *The Poor Traveller*, one of the most purely melo-dramatic things he ever wrote. It is sentimental, but not so purely sentimental as *Dombey* or *David Copperfield*. The sentimentalism is confined within the bounds and moulded into the form of the melo-dramatic—that is, there are a series of little turns or tricks adopted by which an idea is continually brought round and round, and forced upon the attention of the reader or hearer. In *The Poor Traveller* these tricks are of a rather puerile kind, and Mr. Dickens, to whose fancy they are evidently peculiarly dear, threw out the whole strength of his powers of reading to make them tell. Stated in simple language, these melo-dramatic tricks sound rather simple. They principally consist in perpetually bringing in the name "Richard Doubledick," and in speaking of the "deep dark eyes" of an officer. Entering the service as a dissipated private, Doubledick cuts his way up to the rank of captain. This gives occasion to the writer to read a series of paragraphs with Sergeant Richard Doubledick, Sergeant-Major Richard Doubledick, Ensign Richard Doubledick, and so on. Mr. Dickens made this a great point in his

reading. He dwelt on the separate syllables, and rolled out the r's as if this little art of repeating the man's name with variations was sure to be gratifying to every one. Richard is reclaimed by the man with the eyes, and Mr. Dickens took every pains to make us feel that the eyes were coming, and that they ought to go through us as they did through Doubledick. Nothing could be more characteristic of Mr. Dickens' style of writing than the way in which he made use of these eyes; nor could any thing have more forcibly recalled to the mind of the hearer the numberless instances in which he has, as we think, thrown away the genuine success he might have achieved, by having recourse to the paltry artifices of stage effect.

The piece that followed, *The Boots at the Holly-Tree Inn*, was much the best of the three. It is in itself a touching, pretty, well-conceived, and well-written production; and as it merely required good reading, with a vein of comic gaiety, but without any thing like real comic representation, it was exactly suited to Mr. Dickens as a reader. As the Boots relates the history of the little couple and their elopement, he talks a mixture of the language of a Boots and of a novelist, which is certainly very effective; and when Mr. Dickens read the story, no one conversant with his works could fail to be reminded of the many characters of this class which he has drawn, and which have done more to make his name familiar and his stories popular than any other. Sam Weller is the great type of this class; and it may be said of him, as of his fellow-boots of the Holly-Tree, that one of the great charms about them is that we cannot tell whether they are really like or unlike what living Boots could be. The picture is full of those traits of keen personal observation, of minute inspection, of trifling eccentricities and peculiarities, which have lent so much life and vigor to Mr. Dickens' writing. The language, too, and the characteristic expressions, smack of the trade and of the life to which the Boots are supposed to belong. But all this is only a clothing under which the novelist conceals himself. There are no Sam Wellers in real life. The Boots of a real Holly-Tree Inn, if he uses the phrases that his imaginary representative adopts, uses them sparingly, occasionally, and accidentally. The Boots of the tale is all Boots, and talks his language from begin-

ning to end. The author is never lost sight of, and we feel that art has collected together what nature separates by long intervals, and has exaggerated with a grotesque unity what nature leaves simple, undefined, and incomplete. We do not the least mean to find fault with this. Sam Weller is far better than a real Boots, but he is not a real Boots. And the mixture of reality and unreality which pervades his and kindred characters in the book, was exactly typified and realized in Mr. Dickens' reading. The animation and drollery of the performance brought home to us the truth of the picture so far as it was true, while the bodily presence of the author and his strong interest in his own conceptions made us more than ever sensible how fictitious such characters must necessarily be, and how completely they receive their finished form from the mind through which they pass. And the success of the reading was sufficient to make any attentive hearer reflect on the great superiority which Mr. Dickens attains in the delineation of such characters, and on

his inferiority when he goes into other walks. The tale of the Boots was a relief after the melodramatic tricks of Doubledick and the Eyes; and like all the comic parts of Mr. Dickens' writings, it presented a most favorable contrast to the passages and the tales in which he abandons himself to that sickly sentimentalism of which he has unfortunately shown himself so fond, and which inculcates so perverted a view of life.

Of the reading of Mrs. Gamp there is not much to say, because it was, we think necessarily, a failure. Mr. Dickens never conceived or worked out a better, more humorous, or more original character; but the chapters selected for the reading were beyond the reach of any but a professed polyphonist. Mr. Dickens tried to give separate and characteristic voices to Mr. Pecksniff, Mr. Mould, Mrs. Gamp, and Betsey Prig; and although he did it well, the success was still so very imperfect that the attempt does not require any detailed criticism.

DIGGINGS IN AUSTRALIA.—No language can describe the scene of chaos. The creek—that is, a considerable brook—was diverted from its course; and all the bed of the old course was dug up. Then each side of the creek was dug up, and holes sunk as close to each other as they could possibly be, so as to leave room for the earth that was thrown out. These holes were some round, some square, and some no shape at all, the sides having fallen in as fast as they had been dug out. They were, in fact, pits and wells, and shapeless yawning gulfs, not three or four feet deep, as in the tempting accounts of Mount Alexander, but from ten to thirty feet deep. Out of these the earth had to be drawn up in buckets; and some wound them up with windlasses, rudely constructed out of the wood that grows about; and others hauled it up with blocks and pulleys; others—and the greater number—merely with their hands. The diggers themselves generally ascended and descended by a rope fastened to a post above and by holes for their feet in the sides of the pit. Many of these holes were filled or nearly so with water filtering from the creek. It was black as ink, and had a stench as of a tan-yard; partly from the bark with which they lined the sides of the holes. In the midst of all these holes, these heaps of clay and gravel, and this stench, the diggers were working away, thick as ants in an ant-hill. The labors of all this may be imagined, and especially of keeping down these subterranean deluges of Stygian water. The course of the creek was lined with other diggers work-

ing out their gold. There were whole rows, almost miles, of puddling tubs and cradles at work. The earth containing the gold was thrown into the puddling tubs—half hogsheads—and stirred about with water, to dissolve the hard lumps, when it was put through the cradle, then washed out in tin dishes. It was a scene of great bustle and animation. We saw some parties who had worked out in the course of the day 1 lb. weight of gold, others 5 oz. or 6 oz.; and so most of them had some golden results.—*Howitt's Labor and Gold.*

TWO FRENCH KINGS.—Louis XVIII. was a moderate of the old system, and a liberal-minded inheritor of the eighteenth century; Charles X. was a true emigrant and a submissive bigot. The wisdom of Louis XVIII. was egotistic and sceptical, but serious and sincere. When Charles X. acted like a sensible king it was through propriety, from timid and short-sighted complaisance, from being carried away, or from the desire of pleasing—not from conviction or natural choice. Through all the different cabinets of his reign, whether under the Abbé Montesquieu, M. de Talleyrand, the Duke de Richelieu, M. Decazes, and M. de Villèle, the government of Louis XVIII. was ever consistent with itself. Without false calculation or premeditated deceit, Charles X. wavered from contradiction to contradiction, from inconsistency to inconsistency, until the day when, given up to his own will and belief, he committed the error which cost him his throne.—*Guizot's Memoirs.*

From The New Monthly Magazine.
BUCKLE'S HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN
ENGLAND.*

WHOEVER misses reading this book, will miss reading what is, in various respects, to the best of our judgment and experience, the most remarkable book of the day.

One, indeed, that no thoughtful, inquiring mind would miss reading, for a good deal. Let the reader be as adverse as he may to the writer's philosophy, let him be as devoted to the obstructive as Mr. Buckle is to the progress party, let him be as orthodox in church creed as the other is heterodox, as dogmatic as his author is sceptical,—let him, in short, find his prejudices shocked at every turn, of the argument, and all his prepossessions whistled down the wind,—still, there is so much in this extraordinary volume to stimulate reflection, and excite to inquiry, and provoke to earnest investigation, perhaps (to this or that reader) on a track hitherto untrodden, and across the virgin soil of untilled fields, fresh woods and pastures new,—that we may fairly defy the most hostile spirit, the most mistrustful and least sympathetic, to read it through without being glad of having done so, or, having begun it, or even glanced at almost any one of its 854 pages, to pass it away unread.

An octavo volume of that number of pages is itself something out of the common way—the mere aspect, or announcement of which, might be held sufficient to scare, and warn off, that mixed multitude the reading world. Much more so, when the further fact is made known, that at the very last page the author has not got beyond his “General Introduction”—that he is still outside the threshold, and merely giving us glints and glimpses of what awaits us within. The prospect may seem appalling to the uninitiated, and some may deem it best to shrink at once from entering into such a “long engagement” as this. But the large plan proposed by Lord Macaulay, and the bulky form of *his* volumes, have daunted no one, we presume, from an eager perusal; while the noble historian's narrative power has held enthralled to the end those who began at the beginning. And thus, too, in spite of the yet vaster scope of his subject, and its seemingly less attractive features, for a miscellaneous public at least, we may reckon

on Mr. Buckle's winning the attention of no inconsiderable company—and that attention once secured, the difficulty will be for them to relax in it, not for him to sustain it throughout.

Notwithstanding the prodigious amount of research and erudition displayed—ill nature will say paraded—in the work before us, it may be inferred that Mr. Buckle is a young man: the dedication implies this. “To my Mother I dedicate the first volume of my first work.” That his first work should also be his last, unless he tire of it, and turn to other labors, appears inevitable. That he should ever finish it, indeed, on the scale proposed, appears a moral, nay a physical impossibility, even should he live on, and keep on writing, until long past the age when man's strength is but labor and sorrow. But we wish him the best of health to make as much way with it as he can, and to give us as many volumes as he will. Originally his scheme had been, to write the History of Civilization at large. That scheme he confesses himself to have long since, though reluctantly, abandoned. He entertains not the slightest doubt that the whole of the laws which regulate the progress of civilization will eventually be ascertained; but at present he complains that few of the necessary materials have yet been brought together, owing to the inadequate manner in which historians have performed their task. For his complaint against historians as a class is, that instead of telling us those things which alone have any value,—instead of giving us information respecting the progress of knowledge, and the way in which mankind has been affected by the diffusion of that knowledge,—the vast majority of historians fill their works with the most trifling and miserable details: personal anecdotes of kings and courts: interminable relations of what was said by one minister, and what was thought by another; and, what is worse than all, long accounts of campaigns, battles, and sieges, very interesting to those engaged in them, but to us utterly useless, because they neither furnish new truths, nor supply the means by which new truths may be discovered. This, he says, is the real impediment which now stops our advance: this want of judgment it is, and this ignorance of what is most worthy of selection, which deprives us of materials that ought long since to have been accumulated, arranged, and stored up

* History of Civilization in England. By Henry Thomas Buckle. Vol. I. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1857.

for future use. "In other great branches of knowledge, observation has preceded discovery; first, the facts have been registered, and then their laws have been found. But in the study of the history of Man, the important facts have been neglected, and the unimportant ones preserved. The consequence is, that whoever now attempts to generalize historical phenomena, must collect the facts as well as conduct the generalization. He finds nothing ready to his hand. He must be the mason as well as the architect; he must not only scheme the edifice, but likewise excavate the quarry. The necessity of performing this double labor entails upon the philosopher such enormous drudgery, that the limits of an entire life are unequal to the task; and history, instead of being ripe, as it ought to be, for complete and exhaustive generalizations, is still in so crude and informal a state, that not the most determined and protracted industry will enable any one to comprehend the really important actions of mankind, during even so short a period as two successive centuries." Hence Mr. Buckle's discreet, though reluctant resolve to renounce the plan he was at one time ambitious to carry out, and to confine himself to the history, not of general civilization, but of the civilization of a single people. His reluctance has been strengthened, however, by the consideration, that in curtailing the field of inquiry, we unfortunately diminish the resources of which the inquiry is possessed. For although it is perfectly true, he remarks, that the totality of human actions, if considered in long periods, depends on the totality of human knowledge, it must be allowed that this great principle, when applied only to one country, loses something of its original value, "The more we diminish our observation, the greater becomes the uncertainty of the average; in other words, the greater the chance of the operation of the larger laws being troubled by the operation of the smaller. The interference of foreign governments; the influence exercised by the opinions, literature, and customs of a foreign people; their invasions, perhaps even their conquests; the forcible introduction by them of new religions, new laws, and new manners,—all these things are perturbations, which, in a view of universal history, equalize each other, but which, in any one country, are apt to disturb the natural march, and thus render the movements of civilization more difficult to

calculate." Having, then, to select some one country as the subject of his inquiry, naturally he looks out for that one, in which the movements of the governing laws in question have been least disturbed by agencies *ab extrâ*. If we could find some civilized people who had worked out their civilization entirely by themselves; who had escaped all foreign influence, and who had been neither benefitted nor retarded by the personal peculiarities of their rulers,—the history of such a people, he argues, would be of paramount importance: because it would present a condition of normal and internal development; it would show the laws of progress acting in a state of isolation; it would be, in fact, an experiment ready made, and would possess all the value of that artificial contrivance to which natural science is so much indebted.

"To find such a people as this is obviously impossible; but the duty of the philosophic historian is, to select for his especial study the country in which the conditions have been most closely followed. Now, it will be readily admitted, not only by ourselves, but by intelligent foreigners, that in England, during, at all events, the last three centuries, this has been done more constantly and more successfully than in any other country. I say nothing of the number of our discoveries, the brilliancy of our literature, or the success of our arms. These are invidious topics; and other nations may perhaps deny to us those superior merits which we are apt to exaggerate. But I take up this single position, that of all European countries, England is the one where, during the longest period, the government has been most quiescent, and the people most active; where popular freedom has been settled on the widest basis; where each man is most able to say what he thinks, and do what he likes; where every one can follow his own bent, and propagate his own opinions; where, religious persecution being little known, the play and flow of the human mind may be clearly seen, unchecked by the restraints to which it is elsewhere subjected; where the profession of heresy is least dangerous, and the practice of dissent most common; where hostile creeds flourish side by side, and rise and decay without disturbance, according to the wants of the people, unaffected by the wishes of the church, and uncontrolled by the authority of the state; where all interests, and all classes, both spiritual and

temporal, are most left to take care of themselves; where that meddlesome doctrine called Protection was first attacked, and where alone it has been destroyed; and where, in a word, those dangerous extremes to which interference gives rise having been avoided, despotism and rebellion are equally rare, and concession being recognized as the groundwork of policy, the national progress has been least disturbed by the power of privileged classes, by the influence of particular sects, or by the violence of arbitrary rulers." That these are the characteristics of English history is notorious; to some men, as Mr. Buckle goes on to observe, a matter of boast, to others of regret. He lays stress, too, on England's insular formation, and its consequent freedom, comparatively, from foreign visitors. In opposition to received notions, he strenuously maintains that although we have been, and still are, greatly indebted to the French for our improvement in taste, in refinement, in manners, and indeed in all the amenities of life, we have borrowed from them nothing absolutely essential, nothing by which the destinies of nations are permanently altered; while, on the other hand, the French have not only borrowed from us some very valuable political institutions, but even the most important event in their history, the Revolution of 1789, is due, in no small degree, to our influence—the leaders in that movement having learnt in England the philosophy and principles they turned to "such fearful and yet salutary" account at home.

Mr. Buckle, therefore, selects for especial study the progress of English civilization, simply because, being less affected by agencies, not arising from itself, we can the more clearly discern in it the normal march of society, and the undisturbed operation of those great laws by which the fortunes of mankind are ultimately regulated. He selects England in preference to France, for the reasons just stated. And he prefers it to Germany, because the same objections are still more applicable to the Germans, among whom what he calls the protective principle has been, and still is, stronger than in France—even the best of the German governments constantly interfering with the people, never leaving them to themselves, always looking after their interests, and meddling in the commonest affairs of daily life. The German intellect he regards as stimulated by the French into a sudden

growth, and thus irregularly developed—being in fact hurried into an activity greater than the average civilization of the country requires; whence it results, that in no European nation do we find so wide an interval between the highest minds and the lowest—the German philosophers possessing a learning, and a reach of thought, which places them at the head of the civilized world, while the German people are more superstitious, more prejudiced, more really ignorant and unfit to guide themselves, than are the inhabitants either of France or of England. In the only other country that might seem to claim our author's preference, America, a civilization precisely the reverse of this, the Germanic, is seen. For while the stock of German knowledge is immense, but confined to one class, the stock of American knowledge is small, but distributed through all classes—there being no country to equal America in the scarcity of men of great learning, and in the scarcity of men of great ignorance. As in Germany, then, we find a serious failure in the diffusion of knowledge, so in America we find a no less serious one in its accumulation. Which failure is the more disadvantageous of the two, our author does not stay to decide. But he calls attention to the antithesis, with this comment on the state of the case: that as civilization is regulated by the accumulation and diffusion of knowledge, it is evident that no country can even approach to a complete and perfect pattern, if, cultivating one of these conditions to an excess, it neglects the cultivation of the other. "Indeed, from this want of balance and equilibrium between the two elements of civilization, there have arisen in America and in Germany, those great but opposite evils, which, it is to be feared, will not be easily remedied; and which, until remedied, will certainly retard the progress of both countries, notwithstanding the temporary advantages which such one-sided energy does for the moment always procure."

Such is Mr. Buckle's estimate of the relative value of the history of the world's four leading countries, as to the real greatness of which he offers no opinion. His conclusion is, as we have seen, that the history of England is, to the philosopher, more valuable than any other; because he can more clearly see in it the accumulation and diffusion of knowledge going hand-in-hand; because that knowledge has been less influenced by foreign and ex-

ternal agencies; and because it has been less interfered with, either for good or for evil, by those powerful, but frequently incompetent men, to whom the administration of public affairs is entrusted.

England is the country elect. And no vote of Englishmen will make the election null and void. But, inasmuch as the laws of society are not to be discovered by the exclusive study of a single nation's history, the present volume is given in the character of an Introduction, to obviate some of the difficulties with which this great subject is surrounded. In the opening chapters, the author attempts to mark out the limits of his theme considered as a whole, and fix the largest possible basis upon which it can rest—to define those generalizations which appear to him the essential preliminaries of history, regarded as a science. He there treats of civilization as broken into two vast divisions: the European division, in which Man is more powerful than Nature; and the non-European division, in which Nature is more powerful than Man. His inference is the superiority of the mental laws over the physical, which conclusion he adopts as the groundwork of European history. His next step is to resolve the mental laws into moral and intellectual, and prove the superior influence of the intellectual ones in accelerating the progress of Man. His business then is to ascertain the fundamental condition of intellectual progress, as, until that is done, the annals of any people can only present an empirical succession of events, connected by such stray and casual links as are devised by different writers, according to their different principles. His subsequent chapters are occupied with investigating the history of various countries, in reference to those intellectual peculiarities on which the history of England itself supplies no adequate information. For example, he studies the laws of the accumulation of knowledge, in German history, and then applies them deductively to the history of England; the laws of diffusion he studies in America, as explanatory of certain phenomena in English civilization; the protective principle he studies in France, its obvious tendencies in that country serving to illustrate its occult tendencies in our own. This brings us to the close of the present volume, not of the General Introduction however, for various other inquiries and collateral issues remain for discussion, which Mr. Buckle indicates in

his fifth chapter, but the mere mention of which we must here omit.

In the future volumes of this work he pledges himself to show, that the progress Europe has made from barbarism to civilization is entirely due to its intellectual activity; that the leading countries have now, for some centuries, advanced sufficiently far to shake off the influence of those physical agencies by which, in an earlier state, their career might have been troubled; and that although the moral agencies are still powerful, and still cause occasional disturbances, these are but aberrations, which, if we compare long periods of time, balance each other, and thus in the total amount entirely disappear.

Mr. Buckle's appreciation of statistics is, of course, extremely high, and the use he makes of them will be widely condemned as entirely unwarrantable. He pronounces statistics a branch of knowledge which, though still in its infancy, has already thrown more light on the study of human nature than all the sciences put together. He entertains little doubt that, before another century has elapsed, it will be as rare to find an historian who denies the undeviating regularity of the moral world, as it now is to find a philosopher who denies the regularity of the material world. To ordinary men, unversed in the Positivism of Auguste Comte, statements like these are so many stumbling-blocks, staggering in the extreme. To average minds, still believing in such a thing as Free Will, nor yet rid of all docility to the teaching of the Church, and the traditions of their elders, the pervading principles of this book will seem against all reason as well as faith. There is no denying that the author's heterodoxy is of a far-gone kind: to be sceptical is, with him, a *conditio sine quâ non* to getting at the truth; to be treading the old paths is, by his reckoning, to be inevitably in error—walking in them, you *must* be wrong. Be it politics, philosophy, theology, or what you will,—if you are taking your stand on foundations consecrated by antiquity, if you are reposing on ground hallowed by the past, then are you putting up with what is not merely weary, stale, and flat, but unprofitable, and are belying, so far as you are concerned, the practical as well as poetical truth, that the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

Rejecting, he says, the metaphysical dogma of free will, and the theological dogma of

predestined events, we are driven to the conclusion that the actions of men being determined solely by their antecedents, must have a character of uniformity, that is to say, must, under precisely the same circumstances, always issue in precisely the same results. And as all antecedents are either in the mind or out of it, we clearly see that all the variations in the results, in other words, all the changes of which history is full, all the vicissitudes of the human race, their progress or their decay, their happiness or their misery, must be the fruit of a double action; an action of external phenomena upon the mind, and another action of the mind upon the phenomena. And these, he adds, are the materials out of which a philosophical history can alone be constructed.

He is careful to bring before the reader some of the most decisive proofs of the regularity with which mental phenomena succeed each other—laying stress upon the extreme value of these “proofs,” on account not only of the wide surface which the generalizations cover, but also of the extraordinary precautions with which they have been made. “For while most moral inquiries have depended on some theological or metaphysical hypothesis, the investigations to which I allude are exclusively inductive; they are based on collections of almost innumerable facts, extending over many countries, thrown into the clearest of all forms, the form of arithmetical tables; and finally, they have been put together by men who, being for the most part mere government officials, had no particular theory to maintain, and no interest in distorting the truth of the reports they were directed to make.” Among his illustrations, Mr. Buckle takes the crime of murder, as one which, of all offences, might well be supposed one of the most arbitrary and irregular: whereas the fact is, that murder is committed with as much regularity, and bears as uniform a relation to certain known circumstances, as do the movements of the tides, and the rotation of the seasons. “We know from experience that every year there not only take place nearly the same number of murders, but that even the instruments by which they are committed are employed in the same proportion.” * So said M. Quetelet three-and-twenty years ago; and later inquiries, adds Mr. Buckle, “have ascertained the extra-

ordinary fact, that the uniform reproduction of crime is more clearly marked, and more capable of being predicted, than are the physical laws connected with the disease and destruction of our bodies.” Then again with suicide—than which no crime, among public and registered crimes, seems more completely dependent on the individual, or so much so. Yet all the evidence we possess respecting it points to one great conclusion, “and can leave no doubt on our minds that suicide is merely the product of the general condition of society, and that the individual felon only carries into effect what is a necessary consequence of preceding circumstances.” Nor is it merely the crimes of men which are marked by this uniformity of sequence. “Even the numbers of marriages annually contracted, is determined, not by the temper and wishes of individuals, but by large general facts, over which individuals can exercise no authority.” Mr. Buckle also cites a curious fact to prove that even the aberrations of memory are marked by this general character of necessary and invariable order. “The post-offices of London and of Paris have latterly published returns of the number of letters which the writers, through forgetfulness, omitted to direct; and, making allowance for the difference of circumstances, the returns are year after year copies of each other. Year after year the same proportion of letter-writers forget this simple act; so that for each successive period we can actually foretell the number of persons whose memory will fail them in regard to this trifling, and, as it might appear, accidental occurrence.” On the whole, then, what our historian considers the great truth, which is at once the key and the basis of history, is this,—that the actions of men, being guided by their antecedents, are in reality never inconsistent, but, however capricious they may appear, only form part of one vast scheme of universal order, of which we in the present state of knowledge can barely see the outline, but of which, he entertains little doubt, before another century has gone by, the chain of evidence will be complete.

If this philosophy of history and of Man be true, what, it may be asked, with dismay, becomes of all our cherished convictions in matters of faith and practice? The answer is noway encouraging, as far as these are concerned. The new philosophy is sweepingly destructive. Clergy and creeds find small

* Quetelet *sur l'Homme* (1835), i. 7.

favor with our historian. The time for theological questions, he says, is gone by: disputes which, a century ago, would have set the whole kingdom in a flame, are now regarded with indifference, by the vast majority of educated men.* In one place he alludes to the "theological theory of disease," as still lingering on among the vulgar, and traces of which "may be found in the writings of the clergy, and in the works of other persons little acquainted with physical knowledge. When the cholera broke out in England, attempts were made to revive the old notion; but the spirit of the age was too strong for such efforts to succeed; and it may be safely predicted that men will never return to their former opinions, unless they first return to their former ignorance."

In another he remarks, that, science not having yet succeeded in discovering the laws of rain, men are at present unable to foretell it for any considerable period; the inhabitant of rural districts, therefore, is driven to believe that it is the result of supernatural agency, "and we still see the extraordinary specimen of prayers offered up in our churches for dry weather or for wet weather; a superstition which to future ages will appear as childish as the feelings of pious awe with which our fathers regarded the presence of a comet, or the approach of an eclipse. We are now acquainted with the laws which determine the movements of comets and eclipses; and as we are able to predict their appearance, we have ceased to pray that we may be preserved from them. But because our researches into the phenomena of rain happen to have been less successful, we resort to the impious contrivance of calling in the aid of the Deity to supply those deficiencies in science which are the result of our own sloth; and we are not ashamed, in our public churches, to prostitute the rites of religion by using them as a cloak to conceal an ignorance we ought frankly to confess." Elsewhere he affirms that, "whatever theologians may choose to assert, it is certain that mankind at large has far more virtue than vice." And again: "To assert that Christianity communicated to man moral truths previously unknown, argues, on the part of the assertor, either gross ignorance or else wilful fraud." Of Gibbon's History he asserts, that,

* Cf. pp. 310, 320, 325, 327, 333-4 (note), 341-2, 356 (note), 371 *sq.*, 381, 524.

after having been jealousy scrutinized by two generations of eager and unscrupulous opponents, it has gained fresh reputation by each successive scrutiny. "Against his celebrated fifteenth and sixteenth chapters, all the devices of controversy have been exhausted; but the only result has been, that while the fame of the historian is untarnished, the attacks of his enemies are falling into complete oblivion."* In the same tone he refers to the discoveries of geologists, as not only impugning the fidelity of the Mosaic cosmogony, but showing its accuracy to be "impossible." Mr. Buckle, then, evidences no nearer affinity to theological orthodoxy than do such writers as Carlyle, F. W. Newman, R. W. Mackay, G. H. Lewes, &c., some of whom he quotes † repeatedly in the course of this vol-

* Cf. pp. 116, 164, 180-1, 201, 318 (note), 345 *sq.*, 390 *sq.*

† We had nearly asked, But whom does he not quote? for such an array of citations was, perhaps, never before displayed, not even in the crowded pages of the late Sir William Hamilton. Prefixed to this volume is a list of some five hundred "authors quoted." And wherever an author is quoted, it is with exact particulars of the edition, the volume, and the page. The amount of industry involved in some of these elaborate references is astonishing. We would have the reader turn to pp. 661-4, in illustration of this feature of the work, where about one hundred and fifty names are given of French authors to whom the English language was known, as Mr. Buckle discovered "in the course of general reading"—the authority for each individual instance being carefully entered, one by one, in a century and a half of foot-notes. For the marvellous variety, too, of his researches, and the huge circuit they take, observe such examples as occur at pp. 195, 270, 288-9, 344 *sq.*, 383, 584.

Considering the multiplicity of authors thus brought under contribution, one only wonders, here and there, that he has not drawn upon others; whom we miss in the crowd: that he should make no allusion, for instance, to Herbert Spencer, when treating of Over-Legislation; of Toulmin Smith, when attacking centralization; of Charles Bray, when dealing with the Philosophy of Necessity; of De Quincey, when concerned with the theory of rent; and so on, with a list which every reader's right of private judgment, or taste, or want of it, might expand *ad libitum*. To say that one is surprised at any such omissions, is to imply the enormous comprehensiveness of the actual *corps d'élite*.

We may here mention the tribute paid by Mr. Buckle, to the extent and accuracy of Lord Macaulay's historical researches. A more competent witness is rarely indeed to be met with, and his testimony is thus expressed, apropos of the noble historian's account of the clergy after the Restoration—which account our author pronounces "perfectly accurate." "From evidence which I have collected, I know that this very able writer, of whose immense research few people are competent judges, has rather under-stated the case than over-stated it. On several subjects I should venture to differ from Mr. Macaulay; but I cannot refrain

ume. But does he obliterate religion altogether from his map of humanity? Is he

"One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling
Nor form, nor feeling, great or small;
A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual All-in-all?"*

Does he, in fact, regard the religious sentiment as a mere morbid excrescence, which impairs the vigor of man as he is, and hinders the proper development of man as he might be? That this is far from being the case, may be inferred from certain of the passages already quoted—which take for granted that there is such a thing as "impiety," as "prostitution of the rites of religion." And though the actual character of the author's belief may be nowhere explicitly stated, we may approximate to some notion of it by observing what incidentally falls from him here and there. That there is no decisive criterion of religious truth, is, he says, "a melancholy, and, as I firmly believe, a most inaccurate conclusion." And though he holds it to be necessary that men should learn to doubt, before they begin to tolerate, he is also convinced that "when we shall have learned to estimate men solely by their character and their acts, and not at all by their theological dogmas, we shall then be able to form our religious opinions by that purely transcendental process, of which in every age glimpses have been granted to a few gifted minds." In further allusion to the "scepticism which is now gathering in upon us from every quarter," and which "an immense majority of the clergy—some from ambitious feelings, but the greater part, I believe, from conscientious motives, are striving to check"—he thinks it "time that these well-intentioned, though mistaken men should see the delusion under which they labor"—scepticism † being, he from expressing my admiration of his unwearied diligence, of the consummate skill with which he has arranged his materials, and of the noble love of liberty which animates his entire work. These are qualities which long survive the aspersions of his puny detractors—men who, in point of knowledge and ability, are unworthy to loosen the shoelatchet of him they foolishly attack." (Buckle, i. 360, *note*.)

Of other contemporary historians, we may remark, Mr. Buckle makes honorable use of Hallam, quotes Grote with admiring acquiescence, is alive to the solid worth of Ranke, and makes a warning and a standing jest of Alison, whose local habitation in History is at the antipodes to his own.

* Wordsworth: "A Poet's Epitaph."

† By "scepticism" Mr. Buckle means hardness of belief; so that an increased scepticism is an in-

creased perception of the difficulty of proving assertions. This feeling of hesitation and suspended judgment is indispensable, he reminds us, to all progress and civilization: in physics, it is the necessary precursor of science; in politics, of liberty; in theology, of toleration. Hence "in religion the sceptic steers a middle course between atheism and orthodoxy, rejecting both extremes, because he sees that both are incapable of proof." (Buckle, i. 327-8, *note*.)

contends, the intermediate step from superstition, a stage through which the higher order of minds have passed, in their advance to what he supposes will be the ultimate form of man's religious history. "But the people at large, and even some of those who are commonly called educated men, are only now entering that earlier epoch in which scepticism is the leading feature of the mind. So far, therefore, from our apprehensions being excited by this rapidly increasing spirit, we ought rather to do every thing in our power to encourage that which, though painful to some, is salutary to all, because by it alone can religious bigotry be effectually destroyed. Nor ought we to be surprised that, before this can be done, a certain degree of suffering must first intervene. If one age believes too much, it is but a natural reaction that another age should believe too little. Such are the imperfections of our nature, that we are compelled, by the very laws of its progress, to pass through those crises of scepticism and of mental distress, which to a vulgar eye are states of national decline and national shame; but which are only as the fire by which the gold must be purged before it can leave its dross in the pot of the refiner. To apply the image of the great allegorist"—for Mr. Buckle can admire Bunyan as well as Comte, and can sympathize as well with the Pilgrim's Progress as with the Positive Philosophy—"it is necessary that the poor pilgrim, laden with the weight of accumulated superstitions, should struggle through the Slough of Despond and the Valley of Death, before he can reach that glorious city, glittering with gold and with jewels, of which the first sight is sufficient recompense for his toils and his fears." To this very noteworthy extract we might add occasional fragments of a corroborative tendency—as where the godless favorites of Charles II. are said to have "exhausted the devices of their ribald spirit, in mocking a religion, of the nature of which they were profoundly ignorant;" or where renewed mention is

increased perception of the difficulty of proving assertions. This feeling of hesitation and suspended judgment is indispensable, he reminds us, to all progress and civilization: in physics, it is the necessary precursor of science; in politics, of liberty; in theology, of toleration. Hence "in religion the sceptic steers a middle course between atheism and orthodoxy, rejecting both extremes, because he sees that both are incapable of proof." (Buckle, i. 327-8, *note*.)

made of "that transcendental view of religion which is slowly but steadily gaining ground among us;" or where an indignant protest is uttered against "that accursed spirit" which, no longer having the power to persecute to the death, "still continues to dogmatize on the most mysterious subjects, tamper with the most sacred principles of the human heart, and darken by its miserable superstitions those sublime questions that no one should rudely touch, because they are for each according to the measure of his own soul, because they lie in that unknown tract which separates the Finite from the Infinite, and because they are as a secret and individual covenant between Man and his God."* How complete the distinction between this author and your cold-blooded dogmatic deniers, or flippant scoffers and sneerers, of Mephistophelean descent, the foregoing excerpts make clear enough. Still more explicit is what he says in a later chapter, when treating of the results of ecclesiastical despotism and clerical intolerance: "What we think of the clergy will depend upon themselves; but will have no connexion with what we think of Christianity. We look on the clergy as a body of men who, notwithstanding their disposition to intolerance, and notwithstanding a certain narrowness incidental to their profession, do undoubtedly form part of a vast and noble institution, by which the manners of men have been softened, their sufferings assuaged, their distresses relieved. As long as this institution performs its functions, we are well content to let it stand. If, however, it should be out of repair, or if it should be found inadequate to the shifting circumstances of an advancing society, we retain both the power and the right of remedying its faults; we may, if need be, remove some of its parts; but we would not, we dare not, tamper with those great religious truths which are altogether independent of it; truths which comfort the mind of man, raise him above the instincts of the hour, and infuse into him those lofty aspirations which, revealing to him his own immortality, are the measure and the symptom of a future life."† This is said in the course of an argument, that the "destruction of Christianity" in France, at the Revolution, was

* Pp. 323, 324, 327-9, 332, 343, 469.

† Pp. 694 sq. With which compare also pp. 785 sq.

the necessary result of those opinions which bound up the destiny of the national priesthood with the destiny of the national religion.

Having thus far glanced at his "theological" stand-point, let us, before venturing further into the subject-matter of this History, lend an ear to his "political" opinions. His doctrine is, that, in politics, no certain principles having yet been discovered, the first conditions of success are compromise, barter, expediency, and concession. He warns "presumptuous" legislators — those "superficial men, who, raised to temporary power, think themselves bound to guarantee certain institutions, and uphold certain opinions" — that their best measures are but temporary expedients, which it will be the business of a later and riper age to efface. He would have them clearly to understand, that it does not lie within their function to anticipate the march of affairs, and provide for distant contingencies. "In the present state of knowledge, politics, so far from being a science, is one of the most backward of all the arts; and the only safe course for the legislator is, to look upon his craft as consisting in the adaptation of temporary contrivances to temporary emergencies. His business is to follow the age, and not at all to attempt to lead it. He should be satisfied with studying what is passing around him; and should modify his schemes, not according to the notions he has inherited from his fathers, but according to the actual exigencies of his own time. For he may rely upon it, that the movements of society have now become so rapid, that the wants of one generation are no measure of the wants of another; and that men, urged by a sense of their own progress, are growing weary of idle talk about the wisdom of their ancestors, and are fast discarding those trite and sleepy maxims which have hitherto imposed upon them, but by which they will not consent to be much longer troubled."* Indeed, the volume at large is one great protest against the "protective" spirit, and exposition of the fallacy in theory, and mischief in practice of "paternal" legislation.

Mr. Buckle is admirable at stating an argument (whatever be the merits of it), and then illustrating it by miscellaneous instances. He

* Pp. 458 & 555. See also pp. 262-4; and, on the "protective" spirit of "paternal" governments, pp. 213 sqq., 240, 244, 354, 461-2, and chapters ix. to xii. inclusive, pp. 558-700, for an historical résumé of its operations.

is always lucid in enunciation, and fertile in multiform exemplification. Take his exposition of the accumulation of wealth, as being the earliest, and in many respects the most important of all the results which are produced among a people by their climate, food, and soil. For although the progress of knowledge eventually accelerates the increase of wealth, it is nevertheless certain that, in the first formation of society, the wealth must accumulate before the knowledge can begin. "As long as every man is engaged in collecting the materials necessary for his own subsistence, there will be neither leisure nor taste for higher pursuits; no science can possibly be created, and the utmost that can be effected will be an attempt to economize labor by the contrivance of such rude and imperfect instruments as even the most barbarous people are able to invent.

"In a state of society like this, the accumulation of wealth is the first great step that can be taken, because without wealth there can be no leisure, and without leisure there can be no knowledge. If what a people consume is always exactly equal to what they possess, there will be no residue, and therefore, no capital being accumulated, there will be no means by which the unemployed classes may be maintained. But if the produce is greater than the consumption, an overplus arises, which, according to well-known principles, increases itself, and eventually becomes a fund out of which, immediately or remotely, every man is supported, who does not create the wealth upon which he lives. And now it is that the existence of an intellectual class first becomes possible, because for the first time there exists a previous accumulation, by means of which men can use what they did not produce, and are thus enabled to devote themselves to subjects for which at an earlier period the pressure of their daily wants would have left them no time."

The influences of soil and climate on the creation of wealth are then explained—the soil regulating the returns made to any given amount of labor; and the climate regulating the energy and constancy of the labor itself. Then come the historical illustrations—to show that no country has ever been civilized by efforts of its own, unless it has possessed one of these conditions in a very favorable form. "In Asia, civilization has always been confined to that vast tract where a rich and

alluvial soil has secured to man that wealth without some share of which no intellectual progress can begin. This great region extends, with a few interruptions, from the east of Southern China to the western coasts of Asia Minor, of Phœnicia, and of Palestine. To the north of this immense belt there is a long line of barren country which has invariably been peopled by rude and wandering tribes, who are kept in poverty by the ungenial nature of the soil, and who, as long as they remained on it, have never emerged from their uncivilized state. How entirely this depends on physical causes, is evident from the fact that these same Mongolian and Tartarian hordes have, at different periods, founded great monarchies in China, in India, and in Persia, and have, on all such occasions, attained a civilization nowise inferior to that possessed by the most flourishing of the ancient kingdoms. For in the fertile plains of Southern Asia, nature has supplied all the materials of wealth; and there it was that these barbarous tribes acquired for the first time some degree of refinement, produced a national literature, and organized a national polity; none of which things they, in their native land, had been able to effect. In the same way, the Arabs in their own country have, owing to the extreme aridity of their soil, always been a rude and uncultivated people; for in their case, as in all others, great ignorance is the fruit of great poverty. But in the seventh century they conquered Persia; in the eighth century they conquered the best part of Spain; in the ninth century they conquered the Punjab, and eventually nearly the whole of India. Scarcely were they established in their fresh settlements, when their character seemed to undergo a great change. They, who in their original land were little else than roving savages, were now for the first time able to accumulate wealth, and, therefore, for the first time did they make some progress in the arts of civilization. In Arabia they had been a mere race of wandering shepherds; in their new abodes they became the founders of mighty empires,—they built cities, endowed schools, collected libraries; and the traces of their power are still to be seen at Cordova, at Bagdad, and at Delhi.* Precisely in the

* We have omitted, from want of space, the various annotations which Mr. Buckle annexes to his text—though they certainly constitute, not unseldom, the most curious and characteristic portion

same manner, there is adjoining Arabia at the north, and only separated from it elsewhere by the narrow waters of the Red Sea, an immense sandy plain, which, covering the whole of Africa in the same latitude, extends westward until it reaches the shores of the Atlantic. This enormous tract is, like Arabia, a barren waste; and therefore, as in Arabia, the inhabitants have always been extremely uncivilized, acquiring no knowledge, simply because they have accumulated no wealth. But this great desert is, in its eastern part, irrigated by the waters of the Nile, the overflowing of which covers the sand with a rich alluvial deposit, that yields to labor the most abundant, and indeed the most extraordinary returns. The consequence is, that in that spot, wealth was rapidly accumulated, the cultivation of knowledge quickly followed, and this narrow strip of land became the seat of Egyptian civilization; a civilization which, though grossly exaggerated, forms a striking contrast to the barbarism of the other nations of Africa, none of which have been able to work out their own progress, or of his great work. One specimen, at once of the matter and the manner of them, we must, however, find room for; and it shall be the one appertaining to the above sentence ending "at Delhi."

"The only branch of knowledge which the Arabians ever raised to a science was astronomy, which began to be cultivated under the caliphs about the middle of the eighth century, and went on improving until 'la belle ville de Bagdad fut, pendant le dixième siècle, le théâtre principal de l'astronomie chez les orientaux.' *Montucla, Histoire des Mathématiques*, vol. i. pp. 355, 364. The old Pagan Arabs, like most barbarous people living in a clear atmosphere, had such an empirical acquaintance with the celestial phenomena as was useful for practical purposes; but there is no evidence to justify the common opinion that they studied this subject as a science. Dr. Dorn (*Transactions of the Asiatic Society*, vol. ii. p. 371) says, 'of a scientific knowledge of astronomy among them no traces can be discovered.' Beausobre (*Histoire de Manichée*, vol. i. p. 20) is quite enthusiastic about the philosophy of the Arabs in the time of Pythagoras! and he tells us, that 'ces peuples ont toujours cultivé les sciences.' To establish this fact, he quotes a long passage from a life of Mohammed written early in the eighteenth century by Boulainvilliers, whom he calls 'un des plus beaux génies de France.' If this is an accurate description, those who have read the works of Boulainvilliers will think that France was badly off for men of genius; and as to his life of Mohammed, it is little better than a romance: the author was ignorant of Arabic, and knew nothing which had not already been communicated by Maracci and Pococke. See *Biographie Universelle*, vol. v. p. 321.

"In regard to the later Arabian astronomers, one of their great merits was to approximate to the value of the annual procession much closer than Ptolemy had done. See *Grant's History of Physical Astronomy*, 1852, p. 319."

emerge, in any degree, from the ignorance to which the penury of nature has doomed them."

Again. To illustrate the economical proposition, that there is a strong and constant tendency in hot countries for wages to be low, and in cold countries for them to be high,—our author reminds us that in Asia, in Africa, and in America, all the ancient civilizations were seated in hot climates; and that in all of them the rate of wages was very low, and therefore the conditions of the laboring classes very depressed; while in Europe, for the first time, civilization arose in a colder climate: hence the reward of labor was increased, and the distribution of wealth rendered more equal than was possible in countries where an excessive abundance of food had stimulated the growth of population. The one instance, and only one, of a great European people—the Irish—possessing a very cheap, national food, though an apparent exception to what has been stated, Mr. Buckle claims as in reality a striking verification of the general law. The evil condition of the Irish he traces as the "natural result of that cheap and abundant food," the too productive potato, "which encouraged the people to so rapid an increase, that the labor market was constantly gorged." And then, proceeding to examine other nations, to show the intimate connexion between the physical and moral world, and intimate the reasons why so many ancient civilizations reached a certain stage of development, and then fell away, unable to resist the pressure of nature, or make head against those external obstacles by which their progress was effectually retarded,—he takes India for an example; in which country, from the earliest period, the most general food has been rice, that most nutritive of all the cereals, containing an enormous proportion of starch, and yielding to the laborer an average return of at least sixty-fold. What the physical peculiarities of the country would lead the philosopher to anticipate its national food would be,—and so to anticipate, on that account a long train of ulterior consequences,—that, in the instance of Hindostan, is seen to be the case. There is an unequal distribution of wealth: the upper classes are enormously rich, the lower classes miserably poor. Hence an unequal distribution of power; and as "there is no instance on record of any class possessing power without abusing it, we

may easily understand how it was that the people of India, condemned to poverty by the physical laws of their climate, should have fallen into a degradation from which they have never been able to escape." And stress is naturally laid on the "undoubted fact," that their annals furnish no instance of their having turned upon their rulers, no war of classes, no popular insurrections, not even one great popular conspiracy. "In those rich and fertile countries there have been many changes, but all of them have been from above, not from below. The democratic element has been altogether wanting. There have been in abundance, wars of kings, and wars of dynasties. There have been revolutions in the government, revolutions in the palace, revolutions on the throne; but no revolutions among the people, no mitigation of that hard lot which nature, rather than man, assigned to them." The same line of argument is applied to Egypt, to Mexico, and to Peru. In Egypt, with its dates, as in India, with its rice, the people multiplied rapidly, because while the soil increased their supplies, the climate lessened their wants. In both countries there was an immense and impassable gulf between the upper and the lower classes. The Pyramids, "which inconsiderate observers admire as a proof of civilization," are evidence, in reality, of a "state of things altogether depraved and unhealthy." We are "startled by the reckless prodigality with which, in Egypt, the upper classes squandered away the labor and the lives of the people." It is highly probable that Central America, too, was the ancient seat of a civilization, "in all essential points similar to those of India and Egypt; that is to say, similar to them in respect to the unequal distribution of wealth and power, and the thralldom in which the great body of the people consequently remained." So with Mexico and Peru—where maize is one substitute for the rice of Asia, and the dates of Africa,—another being the banana, of whose nutritive powers it is enough to say, that "an acre sown with it will support more than fifty persons; whereas the same amount of land sown with wheat in Europe will only support two persons;" while, as regards the exuberance of its growth, it is calculated that, other circumstances remaining the same, the produce of the banana is "forty-four times greater than that of potatoes, and a hundred

and thirty-three times greater than that of wheat." The same frivolous waste of labor is observable as in Egypt—both the Mexicans and Peruvians erecting immense buildings, which were "as useless as those of Egypt, and which no country could produce, unless the labor of the people were ill-paid and ill-directed." In such countries, the home of one-sided and irregular civilizations, society, being divided against itself, could not stand.*

In connexion with this subject Mr. Buckle further inquires, in a very striking manner, into the influence exercised by the external world, by those physical agents to which he gives the collective name of Aspects of Nature, in predisposing men to certain habits of thought, and thus giving a particular tone to religion, arts, literature, and, in a word, to all the principal manifestations of the human mind. He shows that whatever natural phenomena inspire feelings of terror, or great wonder, or suggest the vague and uncontrollable, have a special tendency to subject the understanding to the imagination, and to curb the practical energies of man,—who, contrasting himself with the force and majesty of Nature, becomes painfully conscious of his own insignificance, and finds from every quarter innumerable obstacles that hem him in, and limit his individual will. "On the other hand, where the works of Nature are small and feeble, Man regains confidence: he seems more able to rely on his own power;" and, as the phenomena are more accessible, it becomes easier for him to experiment on them, or to observe them with minuteness; "an inquisitive and analytic spirit is encouraged, and he is tempted to generalize the appearances of Nature, and refer them to the laws by which they are governed." In the tropics, accordingly, where Nature is, in every respect, most dangerous to Man, the imagination is most likely to triumph; and there grow up among the people those feelings of awe and helplessness, on which all superstition is based, and without which no superstition can exist. The old tropical civilizations "had to struggle with innumerable difficulties unknown to the temperate zone, where European civilization has long flourished. The devastations of animals hostile to man, the ravages of hurricanes, tempests, earthquakes, and similar perils, constantly pressed upon

* See pp 58-107, *passim*.

them, and affected the tone of their national character. For the mere loss of life was the smallest part of the inconvenience" (except, we presume, to the losers themselves). "The real mischief was, that there were engendered in the mind associations which made the imaginations predominate over the understanding," and encouraged a disposition to neglect inquiry into natural causes, and assume the operation of supernatural ones. The civilization of Europe has diverged from all others that preceded it, from the comparative absence of phenomena of this order—so that we here see Man confident in his own resources, and encouraged in that bold, inquisitive, and scientific spirit, which is constantly advancing, and on which all future progress must depend.

The argument is illustrated by references to Indian literature, where reason is set at defiance, and imagination runs riot, luxuriantly wild. In Greece, where the aspects of nature are entirely different, the human mind was less appalled, and less superstitious; natural causes began to be studied; physical science first became possible. The mythology of India is based upon terror, and that of the most extravagant kind. In Greece, the causes of fear being less abundant, the expression of terror was less common. The gods in Hindostan had all something monstrous about them—Vishnu had four hands, Brahma five heads, and so on. But the gods of Greece were always represented in forms entirely human—the artist might make them stronger than men, and more beautiful, but still they must be men, and to present them in any other shape would be inartistic and irreligious. In Greece, too, we first meet with the deification of mortals—every thing, in fact, tending there to exalt the dignity of Man, while in India every thing tended to depress it. But we cannot follow the historian further in his particular exposition of the general doctrine, that everywhere the hand of Nature is upon us, and that the history of the human mind can only be understood by connecting it with the history and the aspects of the material universe.*

We have alluded to Mr. Buckle's strenuous opposition to the "protective" spirit of "paternal" governments; and considering how large and prominent a place this topic shares in the present volume, and will occupy

in those which are to come, it becomes us to take some further notice of his manner of dealing with it. The spirit of protection, then, he regards as forming the most serious obstacle with which advancing civilization has to contend. When it is carried into trade, he argues, manufactures are forced into existence which otherwise would never arise, and which, for that very reason, are not required; it disturbs the ordinary march of industry, and, under pretence of protecting native laborers, diminishes the produce of labor by directing it from those profitable channels into which its own instincts always compel it to flow. When it is carried into politics, he continues, there is formed what is called a paternal government, in which supreme power is vested in the sovereign, or in a few privileged classes. And when it is carried into theology, the result he attributes to it is, a powerful Church, and a numerous clergy who are supposed to be the necessary guardians of religion, and every opposition to whom is resented as an insult to the public morals. These, he submits, are the marks by which protection may be recognized. And it is in France, from a very early period, much more than in England that these marks of the protective spirit have displayed themselves. "This, which may truly be called an evil spirit, has always been far stronger in France than in England. Indeed, among the French, it continues, even to the present day, to produce the most mischievous results. It is, as I shall hereafter point out, intimately connected with that love of centralization which appears in the machinery of their government, and in the spirit of their literature," as well as in those restrictions on trade which in England are effectually destroyed.

The historical review which follows, involving a comparison of the protective spirit in France and in England, is replete with interest, and pregnant with instruction. To complete the comparison, Mr. Buckle proceeds, in his eleventh chapter, to examine how this same spirit influenced the purely intellectual history of France, as well as its social and political history. On the overthrow of the Fronde, every thing was prepared—as he shows in full—for that singular intellectual polity, which during fifty years characterized the reign of Louis XIV., and which was to French literature what feudalism was to

French politics. "In both cases, homage was paid by one party, and protection and favor accorded by the other. Every man of letters became a vassal of the French crown. Every book was written with a view to the royal favor; and to obtain the patronage of the king was considered the most decisive proof of intellectual eminence." What were the effects of this system?

Now the "delusion," that royal patronage is beneficial to national literature, that there is some magical power in the smiles of a king, which stimulates the intellect of the favored author whose heart they are permitted to gladden, is not, in Mr. Buckle's view, a mere innocent fallacy,—is not to be despised, as one of those harmless prejudices that still linger round the person of the sovereign—but is in its practical consequences very injurious. After a careful study of the history of literature, he thinks himself authorized to say, that for one instance in which a sovereign has recompensed a man who is before his age, there are at least twenty of his recompensing one who is behind it. In no age have literary men been rewarded with such profuseness as in the reign of Louis XIV.; and in no age have they been so mean-spirited, so servile, so utterly unfit to fulfil their great vocation as the apostles of knowledge and the missionaries of truth. "The reputation of Louis XIV. originated in the gratitude of men of letters; but it is now supported by a popular notion that the celebrated literature of his age is mainly to be ascribed to his fostering care. If, however, we examine this opinion, we shall find that, like many of the traditions of which history is full, it is entirely devoid of truth." And Mr. Buckle then goes on to prove, that the literary splendor of the Grand Monarque's reign was not the result of the Grand Monarque's efforts, but was the work of that great generation which preceded him; and that the intellect of France, so far from being benefited by his munificence, was hampered by his protection; that, in short, the so-vaunted Age of Louis XIV. was an age of literary decline and decay, which decline and decay we may directly and distinctly trace to his majesty's condescension in taking literature under his wing—too warm a place, and too close an atmosphere to be good for it—where it could not breathe freely, or speak out, but must needs dwindle, peak, and pine—a

sickly thing, and a stunted, so long as the overshadowing influence remained.

There are two leading circumstances on which our historian relies, to prove his case. The first is, that the immense impulse which, during the administrations of Richelieu and Mazarin, had been given to the highest branches of knowledge, was suddenly stopped. "In 1661 Louis XIV. assumed the government, and from that moment until his death, in 1715, the history of France, so far as great discoveries are concerned, is a blank in the annals of Europe. If, putting aside all preconceived notions respecting the supposed glory of that age, we examine the matter fairly, it will be seen that in every department there was a manifest dearth of original thinkers. There was much that was elegant, much that was attractive. The senses of men were soothed and flattered by the creations of art, by paintings, by palaces, by poems; but scarcely any thing of moment was added to the sum of human knowledge. If we take the mathematics, and those mixed sciences to which they are applicable, it will be universally admitted that their most successful cultivators in France during the seventeenth century were Descartes, Pascal, Fermat, Gassendi, and Mersenne. But, so far from Louis XIV. having any share in the honor due to them, these eminent men were engaged in their investigations while the king was still in his cradle, and completed them before he assumed the government, and therefore before his system of protection came into play. Descartes died in 1650, when the king was twelve years old. Pascal, whose name, like that of Descartes, is commonly associated with the age of Louis XIV., had gained a European reputation while Louis, occupied in the nursery with his toys, was not aware that any such man existed. His treatise on conic sections was written in 1639: his decisive experiments on the weight of air were made in 1648; and his researches on the cycloid, the last great inquiry he ever undertook, were in 1658, when Louis, still under the tutelage of Mazarin, had no sort of authority. Fermat was one of the most profound thinkers of the seventeenth century, particularly as a geometrician, in which respect he was second only to Descartes. The most important steps he took are those concerning the geometry of infinities, applied to the ordinates and tangents of curves,

which, however, he completed in or before 1636. As to Gassendi and Mersenne, it is enough to say that Gassendi died in 1655, six years before Louis was at the head of affairs; while Mersenne died in 1648, when the great king was ten years old.

"These were the men who flourished in France just before the system of Louis XIV. came into operation. Shortly after their death the patronage of the king began to tell upon the national intellect; and during the next fifty years no addition of importance was made to either branch of the mathematics, or, with the single exception of acoustics, to any of the sciences to which the mathematics are applied. The further the seventeenth century advanced, the more evident did the decline become, and the more clearly can we trace the connection between the waning powers of the French, and that protective spirit which enfeebled the energies it wished to strengthen. Louis had heard that astronomy is a noble study; he was therefore anxious, by encouraging its cultivation in France, to add to the glories of his own name. With this view, he rewarded its professors with unexampled profusion; he built the splendid Observatory of Paris; he invited to his court the most eminent foreign astronomers, Cassini from Italy, Römer from Denmark, Huygens from Holland. But, as to native ability, France did not produce a single man who had made even one of those various discoveries which mark the epochs of astronomical science. In other countries vast progress was made; and Newton in particular, by his immense generalizations, reformed nearly every branch of physics, and remodelled astronomy by carrying the law of gravitation to the extremity of the solar system. On the other hand, France had fallen into such a torpor, that these wonderful discoveries, which changed the face of knowledge, were entirely neglected, there being no instance of any French astronomer adopting them until 1732, that is, forty-five years after they had been published by their immortal author. Even in matters of detail, the most valuable improvement made by French astronomers during the power of Louis XIV. was not original. They laid claim to the invention of the micrometer; an admirable resource, which, as they supposed, was first contrived by Picard and Auzout. The truth, however, is, that here again they were anticipated by the activity of a freer and

less protected people; since the micrometer was invented by Gascoigne in or just before 1639, when the English monarch, so far from having leisure to patronize science, was about to embark in that struggle which, ten years later, cost him his crown and his life." Evidence is also adduced to show that French workmen were unable to construct the tools required for accurate investigation, and that the improvements effected in French manufactures were few and insignificant, and available rather for luxury than use.

So again in other departments—in physiology, anatomy, medicine,—“we look in vain for any men equal to those by whom France had once been honored. The greatest discovery of this kind ever made by a Frenchman, was that of the receptacle of the chyle; a discovery which, in the opinion of a high authority,* is not inferior to that of the circulation of the blood by Harvey. This important step in our knowledge is constantly assigned to the age of Louis XIV., as if it were one of the results of his gracious bounty; but it would be difficult to tell what Louis had to do with it, since the discovery was made by Pecquet in 1647, when the great king was nine years old.” Riolan, too, published his last work in 1652, and died in 1657. Then there came a pause, and, during three generations, the French did nothing for these great subjects. They had formerly produced men of great eminence in the practical and speculative parts of medicine, and in the arts connected with surgery—illustrious physicians like Fernel and Joubert—skilled and scientific surgeons like Ambrose Paré, who was “one of the founders of comparative osteology”—and pathologists like Baillois, the value of whose services in morbid anatomy the modern faculty freely allow. “Under Louis XIV. all was changed. Under him, surgery was neglected, though in other countries its progress was rapid. The English, by the middle of the seventeenth century, had taken considerable steps in medicine; its therapeutical branch being reformed chiefly by Sydenham, its physiological branch by Glisson. But the age of Louis XIV. cannot boast of a single medical writer who can be compared to these;† not even one whose name is now

* Sprengel, “Hist. de la Médecine,” iv. 208.

† It is unnecessary, Mr. Buckle observes, to adduce evidence respecting the services rendered by Sydenham as they are universally admitted; but, he adds, what perhaps is less generally known, is,

known as having made any specific addition to our knowledge. In Paris, the practice of medicine was notoriously inferior to that in the capitals of Germany, Italy, and England; while in the French provinces, the ignorance, even of the best physicians, was scandalous. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that, during the whole of this long period, the French in these matters effected comparatively nothing; they made no contributions to clinical literature, and scarcely any to therapeutics, to pathology, to physiology, or to anatomy." The case is shown to be similar as regards zoölogy, chemistry, and botany—in which last study, rapid progress was made in England during the reign of Charles II., by Henshaw, Hooke, Grew, and Millington; while in France, during the same period, and "under the munificent patronage of Louis XIV.," things were at a stand-still, quite.

On the whole, then, it is Mr. Buckle's deliberate verdict on the age of the great king, that, in all matters of real importance, in questions requiring independent thought, and in questions of practical utility, it was an age of decay; an age of misery, intolerance, oppression; an age of bondage, of ignominy, of incompetence. "Even at the risk of exposing myself to the charge of unduly estimating my own labors, I cannot avoid saying, that the facts which I have just pointed out have never before been collected, but have remained isolated in the text-books and repertoires of the science to which they belong. Yet without them it is impossible to study the age of Louis XIV." Not only, thus far, is the historian's a deliberate verdict, but it is strictly upon the evidence.

But there is a second intellectual characteristic of the same reign, upon which he also dilates, and which, in importance, he holds to be almost equal to the one just reviewed. The first consequence, he contends, of the patronage of Louis XIV. was, to diminish the "that Glisson anticipated those important views concerning irritability, which were afterwards developed by Haller and Gorter. Compare *Renouard, Hist. de la Médecine*, vol. ii. p. 192; *Elliotson's Human Physiol.* p. 471; *Bordas Demoulin, Cartésianisme*, vol. i. p. 170. In *Wagner's Physiol.* 1841, p. 656, the theory is too exclusively ascribed to Haller."

We might multiply instances of this kind, illustrative of Mr. Buckle's diversified reading, whence his often exercised ability to put forth a something "not generally" or "less generally known," as a corrective, or alternative, to act on received opinions. Such instances occur not only when he is treating of medicine, but of politics, ethics, history, belles

field for genius, and to sacrifice science to art: the second consequence was, that, even in art itself, there was soon seen a marked decay. "For a short time, the stimulus produced its effect; but was followed by that collapse which is its natural result. So essentially vicious is the whole system of patronage and reward, that after the death of those writers and artists, whose works form the only redeeming point in the reign of Louis, there was found no one capable of even imitating their excellences. The poets, dramatists, painters, musicians, sculptors, architects, were, with hardly an exception, not only born, but educated under that freer policy, which existed before his time. When they began their labors, they benefited by a munificence which encouraged the activity of their genius. But in a few years, that generation having died off, the hollowness of the whole system was clearly exposed. More than a quarter of a century before the death of Louis XIV., most of these eminent men had ceased to live; and then it was seen to how miserable a plight the country was reduced under the patronage of the great king. At the moment when Louis XIV. died, there was scarcely a writer or an artist in France who enjoyed a European reputation." Examining this long reign of fifty-four years (1661—1715), Mr. Buckle dwells on the remarkable fact, that every thing which is celebrated, was effected in the first half of it; while more than twenty years before its close, the most eminent masters all died without leaving any successors.

Thus, in the first place he looks into the history of the fine arts. Of the six greatest painters in the reign of Louis XIV., Le Brun died in 1680; the elder Mignard in 1668, and the younger in 1695; Claude Lorraine in 1682; Lesueur in 1655; and Poussin ten years later. "The two greatest architects were, Claude Perrault and Francis Mansart; but Perrault died in 1688, Mansart in 1666; and Blondel, the next in fame, died in 1686. The greatest of all sculptors was Puget, who died in 1694. Lulli, the founder of French music, died in 1687. Quinault, the greatest poet of French music, died in 1688. Under these eminent men, the fine arts, in the reign of Louis XIV., reached their zenith; and during the last thirty years of his life, their decline was portentously rapid. This was the case, not only in architecture and music, but

even in painting, which, being more subservient than they are to personal vanity, is more likely to flourish under a rich and despotic government. The genius, however, of painters fell so low, that long before the death of Louis XIV., France ceased to possess one of any merit; and when his successor came to the throne, this beautiful art was, in that great country, almost extinct.

"These are startling facts; not matters of opinion, which may be disputed, but stubborn dates, supported by irrefragable testimony. And if we examine in the same manner the literature of the age of Louis XIV., we shall arrive at similar conclusions. . . . Racine produced *Phèdre* in 1677; *Andromaque* in 1667; *Athalie* in 1691. Molière published the *Misanthrope* in 1666; *Tartuffe* in 1667; the *Avare* in 1668. The *Lutrin* of Boileau was written in 1674; his best Satires in 1666. The last Fables of La Fontaine appeared in 1678, and his last Tales in 1671. The *Inquiry respecting Truth*, by Malebranche, was published in 1674; the *Caractères* of La Bruyère in 1687; the *Maximes* of Rochefoucauld in 1665. The *Provincial Letters* of Pascal were written in 1656, and he himself died in 1662. As to Corneille, his great Tragedies were composed, some while Louis was still a boy, and the others before the king was born. Such were the dates of the masterpieces of the age of Louis XIV. The authors of these immortal works all ceased to write, and nearly all ceased to live, before the close of the seventeenth century; and we may fairly ask the admirers of Louis XIV. who those men were that succeeded them? Where have their names been registered? Where are their works to be found? Who is there that now reads the books of those obscure hirelings, who for so many years thronged the court of the great king? Who has heard any thing of Campistron, La Chapelle, Genest, Ducereau, Dancourt, Danchet, Vergier, Catrou, Chaulieu, Legendre, Valincour, Lamotte,* and the other ignoble compilers, who long remained the brightest ornaments of France? Was this, then, the consequence of the royal

* Perhaps Mr. Buckle is a little hasty in including one or two of the names in this list,—Lamotte, for instance. "Who has heard any thing of" him? Rather, who has *not*? that has heard any thing of French literary history at all, and knows who Mme. Dacier was, and the fortunes of Jean Baptiste Rousseau. So again with l'Abbé Chaulieu. But Mr. Buckle's argument is irrefragable in the main.

bounty? Was this the fruit of the royal patronage? If the system of reward and protection is really advantageous to literature and to art, how is it that it should have produced the meanest results when it had been the longest in operation? If the favor of kings is, as their flatterers tell us, of such importance, how comes it that the more the favor was displayed, the more the effects were contemptible?—Nor was this almost inconceivable penury compensated by superiority in any other department.

The simple fact is, that Louis XIV. survived the entire intellect of the French nation, except that small part of it which grew up in opposition to his principles, and afterwards shook the throne of his successor. Several years before his death, and when his protective system had been in full force for nearly half a century, there was not to be found in the whole of France a statesman who could develop the resources of the country, or a general who could defend it against its enemies. Both in the civil service and in the military service, every thing had fallen into disorder. At home there was nothing but confusion; abroad there was nothing but disaster. The spirit of France succumbed, and was laid prostrate. The men of letters, pensioned and decorated by the court, had degenerated into a fawning and hypocritical race, who, to meet the wishes of their masters, opposed all improvement, and exerted themselves in support of every old abuse. The end of all this was, a corruption, a servility, and a loss of power more complete than has ever been witnessed in any of the great countries of Europe. There was no popular liberty; there were no great men; there was no science; there was no literature; there were no arts. Within, there was a discontented people, a rapacious government, and a beggared exchequer. Without, there were foreign armies, which pressed upon all the frontiers, and which nothing but their mutual jealousies, and a change in the English cabinet prevented from dismembering the monarchy of France." The author's annotations upon this text, comprising excerpts from various writers, to indicate the depression, and indeed utter exhaustion of France at this period, are painfully exact in the corroborative evidence they afford.

In the succeeding chapter, Mr. Buckle traces the reaction against the protective

spirit, and preparations for the French Revolution. Of particular interest is his inquiry into the kind and degree of the influence our country exercised on France during the two generations which elapsed between the death of Louis XIV. and that convulsion. He doubts if, at the end of the seventeenth century, there were, either in literature or in science, five persons in France acquainted with the English language—for we were considered a barbarous horde, possessing nothing worthy the attention of enlightened men. Whereas, during the two generations in question, there was hardly a Frenchman of eminence who did not either visit England or learn English; while many of them did both. We have already referred to the curious proof which the author's erudition enables him to establish of this fact. He is minute upon the subject, because he wishes to show that the impetus to which the reaction (against protective policy) owed its strength, proceeded from England; and that it was English literature which taught the lessons of political liberty, first to France, and through France to the rest of Europe. One great consequence of this union between the French and English minds, he then shows to have been, the establishment of a complete schism between the literary men of France, and the classes who exclusively governed the country. As examples, amongst those who suffered either confiscation, or imprisonment, or exile, or fines, or the suppression of their works, or the ignominy of being forced to recant what they had written, he finds besides a host of inferior writers, the names of Beaumarchais, Berruyer, Bougeant, Buffon, D'Alembert, Diderot, Duclos, Freret, Helvétius, La Harpe, Linguet, Mably, Marmontel, Montesquieu, Mercier, Morellet, Raynal, Rousseau, Suard, Thomas, and Voltaire.

The last-named author ranks very high in Mr. Buckle's estimate of historical genius. Voltaire is honored as the first historian who wrote history as it should be written—with attention fixed on matter of real importance, to the neglect of those idle details with which history had formerly been filled; as the first historian who recommended universal freedom of trade; the first who dispelled men's "childish admiration for the Middle Ages," and represented them as "what they really were,—a period of ignorance, ferocity, and licentiousness; a period when injuries were

unredressed, crime unpunished, and superstition unrebuked." We may remark, too, that Mr. Buckle "can say with confidence, after a careful comparison of both writers, that the most decisive arguments advanced by Niebuhr against the early history of Rome had all been anticipated by Voltaire; in whose works they may be found, by whoever will take the trouble of reading what this great man has written, instead of ignorantly railing against him." For a methodical proof of this allegation, and for a thousand others, we must refer the reader to our author himself—of whose extraordinary research this fragmentary notice of ours can give only the faintest, feeblest idea. *Ex pede Herculem* is all very well; but if your space only admits a tiny fraction of the foot, not even the little toe complete, your presentment of Hercules is out of the question. The brick offered as a sample of the house, nearly enough typifies what we have been about.

We have made no kind of attempt to controvert the leading principles of Mr. Buckle's work—though, unless they are radically wrong, the received opinions and cherished convictions of the world, on the questions here in debate, are false, and must sooner or later die out. Were we just as capable as in reality we are *not*, of controverting those principles, it would yet be preposterous to venture on such a task in this place, and within the limits at our disposal. We should have treated such a work, by such a man, with the same "distinguished consideration," had it been written—supposing such a thing possible—by a Dr. Wiseman, in behalf of the Roman communion; or by a Mr. Newdegate, in favor of the protective spirit and practice; or by a Mr. Gladstone, on principles of high-church liberalism; or by a Sir Cornewall Lewis, as an exponent of golden medium Whiggism; or by any one else—supposing any one else to have the power—in any other cause, supposing any other cause to be worth the pains. One thing we feel assured of—that even granting this History of Civilization in England to be based on fallacies, nobody will or can read through Vol. I. without having his attention absorbed, and his mind kept vividly on the alert,—or will close it without such an eagerness to see Vol. II., so soon as ever it shall be ready, as seldom indeed is experienced by readers of a long Introduction—never before, of an Introduction thus bulky and thus discursive.